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"TWELVE ENGLISH STATESMEN": Pitt. By Lord Rosebery. (Macmillans.)

THE prominent position Lord Rosebery occupies in the public estimation and the confidence reposed in him by a not inconsiderable section of the Liberal party will, doubtless, give to this little volume a much wider popularity than that which any monograph of a purely literary sort could reasonably hope to enjoy. Nor is it any disparagement either to the book or to the series to which it belongs to say that it will be read more for Lord Rosebery's sake than for Pitt's. Most of us (if we have any interest at all in the subject) have already made up our minds in regard to Pitt, but we are all more or less anxious to know more of Lord Rosebery. And, in this respect, no subject could furnish us with better opportunities for gauging his mind on some of the crucial points of modern statesmanship than a critical biography of the great minister who ruled England, for good or bad, with almost absolute authority during a period when Europe was passing through the throes of a revolution which obliterated all the ancient landmarks of European politics, and of which the effects are still present with us. To this, as tending to increase its popularity, is to be added a bright and piquant style of writing, which makes even annual budgets and sinking funds interesting reading. Piquancy, however, has a tendency to degenerate into vulgarity; and it must be confessed that Lord Rosebery occasionally touches the limits of good taste in this respect. But George Meredith himself never turned a neater sentence than this on Warren Hastings: "He was ambushed by the undying rancour of Francis and the sleepless humanity of Burke." The picture of Fox at p. 32, and the local colouring to the scene at p. 59, are excellent examples of Lord Rosebery's ability to write with picturesque effect. But though there can hardly be said to be a dull page in the book, the effect of the whole would have been improved by closer revision, and the omission altogether of chap. xii., which, far from serving the purpose designed, "of giving the reader a glimpse of the true Pitt afforded by himself," has the appearance of a very inartistic device to drag in certain not very interesting original letters from Pitt to Lord Wellesley.

The political career of Pitt falls naturally into two parts—that which precedes and that which follows the declaration of war with France. But there is a danger in following this division for biographical purposes of one part overbalancing the other. In

the one case it is Pitt the minister of war, "the pilot that weathered the storm"; in the other it is Pitt, the advocate of peace, retrenchment, and reform that is held up for our admiration. Both these phases have had their day, with the perhaps not very unnatural result that it is now the fashion to decry him in both respects. Fortunately, Lord Rosebery has fallen into none of these errors; and though his language in the earlier portion of the book is somewhat uncertain—if, indeed, we are to attach any significance to the passage, "Historians have hardly done justice to the dogged determination with which Pitt ignored the French Revolution," which to me is altogether unintelligible—he clearly recognises the paramount importance of the French Revolution in moulding Pitt's later policy.

"No man," he says, "can understand Pitt without saturating himself with the French Revolution, and endeavouring to consider it as it must have seemed at its first appearance. In the first five years he had not to deal with it, and they were fruitful years for England. . . . But the new element clouded the whole firmament. . . . We are now able to fix epochs in the French Revolution, to fancy we can measure its forces. . . . It is all cut and dried; a delicate speculation of infinite science and interest, though critical minds may differ as to its value. But Pitt could only perceive the heavens darkened, and the sound of a rushing mighty wind that filled all Europe. . . . Pitt faced the cataclysm, and made everything subservient to the task of averting it. All reforms were put on one side, till the barometer should rise to a more promising level."

This is the exact truth, and it has never been more clearly and more forcibly expressed. Pitt was essentially a peace minister. His chief, one may almost say his sole, interest lay in his financial schemes for the restoration of English credit. War to him was a misfortune to be avoided at almost any price. His wishes in this respect blinded his eyes at first to the real significance of the French Revolution. He would have ignored it had he been able to do so; but it was only for the traditional Marquis de l'Aigle, who snapped his fingers at it, and went on hunting as usual, that such a happy fate was reserved. War with France sooner or later was inevitable, and it is to Pitt's credit that he postponed it to the last possible moment. He believed the war would be of short duration; and though Burke proved a truer prophet in this respect, Pitt had excellent grounds for his belief. When the full extent of the catastrophe became visible, he bent all his energies to avert it; and it is in this light that we must judge his suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, his Treasonable Practices and Seditious Mutiny Bills, and the Act of Union itself. The price paid, of which the trebling of the national debt was the least important, was exorbitant; but it may safely be said that there was no alternative policy. Those who talk otherwise forget that the war was in the truest sense a national war. Pitt was far from being an ideal war minister, but he was a popular minister, and only a popular minister could have saved the situation.

If in the latter part of his administration Pitt's policy is altogether dominated by the

French Revolution, the motive principle in the former is his desire to repair the ravages created by the war with America, and by re-establishing the shattered credit of the empire to restore England to the position of a first-rate European power. The establishment of a sinking fund for the extinction of the national debt, the substitution of an improved system of taxation which should render smuggling unprofitable, and a liberal application of the free trade principles of Adam Smith, especially in regard to Ireland, were the means by which he hoped to carry this policy into effect. In regard to the second of these items—an improved system of taxation—the success of his policy has never, so far as I am aware, been impugned. Fox himself admitted the efficacy of his measures for the suppression of smuggling, and it is almost impossible to exaggerate the benefits that followed from the consolidation of the different branches of customs and excise. The dazzling but absolutely fallacious prospects held out by the sinking fund has somewhat obscured its real merits; but the opinion of Frere, quoted by Lord Rosebery, is interesting as showing that its chief value in Pitt's estimation was as a means of inducing the nation to submit to the irksome and unpopular operation of paying off its debts. Of the commercial treaty with France, which, in the opinion of a distinguished historian, constitutes Pitt's chief title to legislative fame, Lord Rosebery remarks:

"Nothing in all Pitt's career is more remarkable and more creditable than the bold disregard of narrow prejudice and the large conciliatory spirit which he displayed in framing and concluding this treaty."

This is quite true, only I would venture to add that this attempt—though it unfortunately proved unsuccessful—to extend to Ireland the benefits of a commercial equality with England, as the "best means of uniting the two countries by the firmest and most indissoluble bonds," is at least entitled to an equal share of praise. The scheme failed through the selfish prejudice of the English manufacturing interest and the rancorous opposition of Fox. But there are certain critics who, while acknowledging the inestimable benefit that would have accrued to both nations from it, persist in ascribing its failure to a want of firmness on the part of Pitt, though it does not clearly appear whether this firmness, the want of which they deplore, ought to have taken the form of forcing the original propositions down the throat of the English, or the amended propositions down that of the Irish Parliament. To these critics I would commend the following analysis of the House of Commons, dated May 1, 1788, recently discovered among the papers of one of Pitt's private secretaries, than which, as Lord Rosebery observes, no document serves to throw more light on the political system of that period. I quote the document as it is given by Lord Rosebery:—

"In it the 'party of the Crown' is estimated at 185 members. 'This party includes all those who would probably support His Majesty's government under any minister not peculiarly unpopular.' 'The independent or unconnected members of the House' are calculated at 108;

Fox's party at 138; and that of Pitt at 52. Even this unflattering computation is further discounted by the remark that 'of this party, were there a new parliament and Mr. P. no longer to continue minister, not above twenty would be returned.'

As a matter of fact, however, Pitt did not immediately abandon all hope of carrying out his commercial scheme; but the vexed question of the Regency intervened, and though he succeeded in forcing the hands of the Irish administration in respect to the Catholic Relief Bill of 1793, the golden opportunity of establishing a cordial understanding between the two nations on the most durable basis of a community of interest never again recurred.

Passing now over such matters as the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the Regency question and the Oczakow incident, and coming to the subject of the viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam, I venture to think that Lord Rosebery has taken the only sound view of this perplexing and much-disputed episode. Notwithstanding his sympathy with Fitzwilliam and the policy he represented, he sees clearly that Fitzwilliam, and Fitzwilliam alone, was the cause of his own recall.

"Fitzwilliam appears to have thought that Ireland was made over to him, as were Lampsacus and Magnesia to Themistocles for his bread and his wine; and that Pitt would have no more to do with its government and the policy pursued there than with Finland or Languedoc. This hallucination was due partly to the idiosyncrasy of Fitzwilliam himself, but mainly to the strange proprietary principles of government, which were held consciously or unconsciously, though quite conscientiously, by the Whig party."

This is the whole matter in a nutshell. From the moment of Fitzwilliam's recall Ireland gradually drifted into rebellion. But Lord Rosebery, while fully recognising the fatal effect of that step in frustrating the hopes of the Irish, hardly attaches sufficient weight to the responsibility which belongs to the Irish Government in the matter. I am all the more anxious to emphasise this point because I believe that it is just here that we must look for the true explanation of Pitt's policy in bringing about the Union. Relieved by Fitzwilliam's recall of all fear of a new system, the Government of Lord Camden and Fitzgibbon passed from one measure of repression to another, the effect of which was simply to goad the more independent spirits to madness. The result was inevitable, but what was Pitt to do? The Fitzwilliam experiment had failed because it threatened to jeopardise the connexion between the two countries; was he therefore to hand over the country again to the tender mercies of a parliament devoid of patriotism and common sense, fit only to register the decrees of Fitzgibbon, and for which the great bulk of the people did not care a brass farthing? Would it not be in the interests of both countries to annihilate it? Lord Rosebery hardly sees the matter in this light. To him it is mainly a question of consolidating the empire and presenting a single front to the enemy, which, of course, is quite true, but hardly, I think, the whole or most essential part of the

truth. On the question of Catholic Emancipation he pleads hard for a favourable estimate of Pitt's conduct. He asserts, and asserts truly, that Catholic Emancipation formed no part of the Union scheme; but it is equally certain that promises had been made, and made on Pitt's authority, that the question would get an early and fair hearing in the Imperial parliament. Whether it was that Pitt was faint-hearted in the matter when the Union was carried, and found resignation the easiest way to shelve the question decently, or whether the objections of the King were really insuperable, and that he thought as he said, that his retirement was most likely to contribute to the ultimate success of the measure, is perhaps a moot point; but it must be admitted that Lord Rosebery has established a strong case in favour of the latter view.

In conclusion, no two historians are likely to agree as to Pitt's career in all respects; but we can congratulate Lord Rosebery on having given us a bright and sympathetic and lifelike portrait of the great statesman.

R. DUNLOP.

Darkness and Dawn: or, Scenes in the Days of Nero. By F. W. Farrar. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

Nor always can the varying activities of an author be brought to converge on a task which concentrates and unifies them. When this is the case, the result is generally happy. Dr. Farrar began his literary career with fiction. His "school tales" manifested that power of graphic description, that vivid intensity of presentation, that imagination at once vigorous and picturesque, that lavish wealth of utterance, which have characterised all his works. Then followed that remarkable series of historical works with which his name is especially connected, commencing with the Life of Christ. This new direction of his literary energies manifested his marvellous power of revivifying and recolouring the uncertain or partially faded events of history, as well as his skill in portraiture. In his present work Dr. Farrar has found a field in which the qualities of a successful fiction writer and a serious historian are happily blended, and in my judgment he has achieved a distinct success. This is the more meritorious, inasmuch as, though the bulk of popular historical knowledge may be said to be derived from novelists and dramatists, a well constructed historical fiction is the rarest product of literature.

Either the purely fictitious and imaginary elements are so unduly accentuated as to present the semblance of historical facts, or the latter are so modified and perverted as to be indistinguishable from fiction. Dr. Farrar seems to me to have steered an even course between this Scylla and Charybdis of the historical fiction writer. When we pass from his picturesque chapters to their historical source in the Annals of Tacitus, we are not conscious of an unbridgeable gulf between the historian and his modern adapter. Doubtless he often invests historical personages with the attributes of fiction; but whenever he does so, he is

careful to base the transformation or rehabilitation on some acknowledged probability or psychological fitness. He does not, like some writers, force historical characters to assume a rôle out of all harmony with their known antecedents. In this respect his creations—and the remark is true of other masters of historical fiction—have more plausibility and vraisemblance than the real characters of some historians—e.g., there is more probability, in the absence of direct evidence, that the Empress Octavia became a Christian convert, than that Henry VIII. was a good husband, or Mary Queen of Scots a virtuous lady.

In addition to his second descriptive title, "Scenes in the Days of Nero," Dr. Farrar calls his book "an historic tale." By this, however, the reader must not infer that the book has what a fiction critic would describe as a plot. There is no linked chain of events which necessitates an elucidating solvent, or which grows by natural progression to a catastrophic finale. It may be a moot point whether the concentrated interest of the book might not have been increased by weaving its incidents both of "darkness and dawn" round an imaginary love story, on a plan resembling that which Bulwer Lytton employed in his *Last Days of Pompeii*. Dr. Farrar's work comes to an end, or, as it might be better described, it pauses, with the martyrdom of St. Paul and the death of Nero; but there is no reason why, in the course of a history of Pagan Darkness and Christian Dawn, it might not have gone on for another half century. The author would hardly contend that the Darkness had ceased by that date, or that the Dawn had developed into broad daylight. But the age of Nero—and this gives us the secret of the period chosen for the limits of the work—was precisely that portion of early Christian history in which the new light of Christianity was in closest contact with the deepest degradation of Roman Paganism, and which, therefore, afforded special facilities for those sharply demarcated contrasts which Dr. Farrar depicts with such a masterly hand. As a result, the work takes the appropriate form of a series of panoramic pictures; or we may regard it as the successive scenes and acts of a laxly constructed and plotless drama.

Of such a work it is obvious that the characteristics must be of a special and peculiar kind. The elements of continuity being various, like the common attributes of a series of sketches of the same country, in which skies and mountains, trees and houses, will necessarily present similar features, we feel compelled to lay stress less on the uniformity of parts than on that of wholes. We read the book as we pass through a picture-gallery representing a single region or mountain-range, recognising similar landscapes under a perpetually changing, vigorously differentiated, yet picturesquely diversified light and shade. But in addition to this general uniformity of subject, design, and execution, there are particular elements of continuity and progressiveness which largely compensate for the want of a dramatic plot. There is the evolution and growth of its chief characters, whether in the direction of

virtue or of its opposite. Taking Nero as one main character of the book, we have his downward progress, indicated by Tacitus in brief, abrupt, yet masterly touches, as if by an etching needle, elaborated by Dr. Farrar in a series of highly-coloured paintings after the manner of Frith, full of life and vigour, and crowded with appropriate accessories. Here, e.g., is a scene expanded artistically from a few sentences of Tacitus—instinct with movement and vitality, as well as with that imaginative insight which is often more reliable than the evidence of history itself.

After describing an assemblage of the profligate young patricians who formed the court of Nero in the earlier years of his reign, Dr. Farrar proceeds (i. p. 65):—

"And yet weariness reigned supreme over these luxurious votaries of fashion. They had at first tried to get some amusement out of the antics of Massa, a half-witted boy, and Asturco, a dwarf; but when they teased Massa into sullenness and Asturco into tears and bellowings of rage, Petronius interfered and voted such amusements boorish and in bad taste. Then they tried to kill time by betting and gambling over games at marbles and draughts. The 'pieces' of glass, ivory, and silver lay scattered over tables just as they were when the players got tired of the games, and the draught-boards had been carelessly tossed on the floor. Then they sent for plates of honey-apples and bowls of Falernian wine, and took an extempore meal. Nero even condescended to amuse himself with rolling little ivory chariots down a marble slab and betting on their speed. Still, they all felt that the hours were somewhat leaden-footed till a bright thought struck the Emperor. He had passed some of his early years in poverty; and this circumstance, together with his aesthetic appreciation of things beautiful, made him delight in showing his treasures to his intimates. By way of finding something to do, he suggested to his friends that they should come and look at the wardrobes of the former Empresses, which were under the charge of a multitude of dressers, folders, and jewellers. Orders were given that everything should be laid out for their inspection. Except Petronius, they all had an effeminate passion for jewellery, and they whiled away an hour in inspecting the robes stiff with gold brocade and broderies of pearl, sapphire, and emerald.

"By this time Nero was in high good-humour, and seized the opportunity of a little ostentation towards the 'lispings hawthorn-buds' of fashion by whom he was surrounded.

"He chose out a superb cameo on which was carved a Venus Anadyomene and gave it to Otho. 'There,' he said, 'that will adorn the neck of your fair Poppaea. Vestinus, this opal was the one for the sake of which Mark Antony procured the proscription of the senator Nonius. You don't deserve it, for you can be very rude—'

"Free speech is a compliment to strong Emperors," said Vestinus, hardly concealing the irony of his tone.

"Ah, well," continued Nero, "I shall not give it you for your deserts, but because it will look splendid on the ivory arm of your Statilia. A more fitting present to you would be this little viper enclosed in amber—the viper is your malice, the amber your flattery. And what on earth am I to give you, Senecio? or you, Petronius? You are devoted to so many fair ladies, that I should have to give you the whole wardrobe; but I will give you, Senecio, a silken fillet embroidered with pearls; and Petronius, Nature has set out this agate—I believe it is from the spoils of Pyrrhus—for no

one but you, for she has marked on it an outline of Apollo and the Muses. Quintianus, this ring with a Hylas on it will just suit you."

"There was a hidden sarcasm in much which he had said even while he distributed his gifts, and not a few serpents hissed among the flowery speeches interchanged in this bad society. But they all thanked him effusively for presents so splendid."

I have no space to continue the passage, which proceeds to relate the well-known incident of the Emperor's present to his mother, Agrippina, and her contemptuous reception of it; but there cannot be two opinions as to the imaginative vigour of the picture, nor yet as to its historical vraisemblance. The scene is one which must have been frequently enacted wholly or in part in the earlier half of Nero's reign. Here again is another picture from a still lower stage of the Imperial "Rake's Progress." Dr. Farrar, we must premise, accepts as true the statement of Suetonius and Dion Cassius, though it is not corroborated by Tacitus, and is received with increasing caution by modern historians, that the burning of Rome was due to Nero's own suggestion:

"At the first news that Rome was in flames, and that they were already approaching his Domus Transitoria, Nero hurried back from Antium. Now, indeed, he had a sensation to his heart's content. At first he was shocked by the magnitude of a catastrophe more overwhelming than had ever before happened to Rome or any other city. He mounted the Tower of Maecenas and gazed for hours upon the scene—thrilling with excitement which was not without its delicious elements. Safe himself, he was looking down on a storm of tempestuous agony, which he could regard in the light of a spectacle. He was accustomed to gaze unmoved on human pangs in the bloody realism of the amphitheatre, and to see slave after slave flung to the lions with their arms bound in chains concealed with flowers. But what scene of the circus, when the gilded chariots were reduced to a crashing wreck of collisions, in which the horses kicked one another and their chariooteers to death—what gladiatorial massacre filling the air with the reek of blood—was for a moment comparable to the sight of Rome in flames?

The sublime horror of the moment stimulated in him all the genius of melodrama and artificial epic. Surrounded by his parasites, he compared Rome now to a virgin whom the tigers of flame devoured, now to a gladiator wrestling with troops of lions in the arena. He was lost in admiration of the beauty of the fire. Now he called it a splendid rose with petals of crimson, now a diadem of flaming and radiating gold; now, again, an enormous hydra with smoky pinions and tongue of flickering gleam. He wrote many a quaint and fantastic phrase in the note-books which were crowded with his much-lined commonplaces of poetic imagery. Here were the materials for many future poems before him. He could, for instance, write an ode on Tartarus—its horrible spaces of silent anguish, its black vapours, its brazen gates and iron pillars, its ghosts and demons gibbering and shrieking in the shade, its torments and its Pyriphlegethon with cataracts of blood and fire," &c.

Further stages in Nero's downward progress might be quoted had we the requisite space, delineated with a similar wealth of imagery and imaginative power, and all leading inevitably to the tardy but certain Nemesis of the tyrant's final doom. As a set-off to Nero's development we have also the evolution of Onesimus, who occupies no

small space on Dr. Farrar's canvas, and whose progress from a crude unformed character with Pagan susceptibilities, to a steadfast, self-centred, and noble Christian is traced with considerable skill. Of the other chief characters in the story, I must select Seneca as exhibiting Dr. Farrar's power of psychological analysis in a pre-eminent degree. Not that even he has been able to reconcile all the incongruities in the great Stoic's character; but he has studied his equivocal position and surroundings with sympathetic interest, and has thus effected something in the way of lessening the incompatibilities of his strange and mournful history.

I have dwelt at some length on the character portraiture of the book, because it constitutes in my opinion one of its chiefest excellencies. Next to this must be enumerated its extraordinary amplitude of erudition. There is no class of Roman society as it then existed, no pursuit or calling, no custom or usage, but is described down to the minutest details. A man who desired a royal road to a knowledge of Rome under Nero might safely be advised to put aside his histories and classical dictionaries and read Dr. Farrar's book. If, as has been alleged, this wealth of classical erudition sometimes manifests itself in a detailed particularity which bears the semblance of ostentation, the real reason is to be found in the author's endeavour to be as instructive as he possibly can; and not even the ripest classical scholar will complain of the Latin equivalents of recondite objects which even though known he might not be able to call to mind on the spur of the moment.

Less need be said of that literary aptitude which more than any other is identified with Dr. Farrar's writings. I mean his power of graphic description. There is hardly a chapter in the two volumes of *Darkness and Dawn* which does not supply evidence of that remarkable faculty. Here, e.g., is an episode, horrible enough, no doubt, yet eminently characteristic of that brutalisation which formed so conspicuous a feature in the decadence of the Roman Empire. It is taken from one of the most striking chapters in the book (vol. ii., xxxix.) called "The Fight in the Arena."

"After this the other mounted gladiators joined combat. In a very short time nearly all were wounded, and these acknowledged their defeat. Dropping their swords or javelins, they upheld their clenched hands with one finger extended to plead for mercy. The plea was vain. No handkerchief was waved in sign of mercy; and, standing over them, the victors callously drove their swords into the throats of their defeated comrades. The poor conquered fighters did not shrink. They looked up at the shouting populace with something of disdain on their faces, as though to prove that they thought nothing of death and did not wish to be pitied. To see that none were shamming dead, a figure entered disguised as Charon, who smote them with his hammer; but the work of the sword had been done too faithfully—he smote only the corpses of the slain."

Here again is another forcible description in quite another mode, taken from the eloquent chapter that describes the burning

of Rome. The rush and surge of the devouring element seems reproduced in the glowing, impetuous sentences.

"Nero set out for Antium on July 17. Two days afterwards Rome was in a sea of surging flame. Men noticed that it was the anniversary of the day on which four and a half centuries earlier the city had been burnt by the Gauls. The fire had burst forth in the neighbourhood of the Circus Maximus. The shops and store-houses which surrounded that huge structure were full of combustible materials, including the machinery and properties used in the public spectacles. Here the flames seized a secure hold, and raging about the Coelian, rolled towards the eastern part of the Palatine. Checked by the steep sides of the hill and its Cyclopean architecture, the fire swept down the valleys on either side, to the right along the Via Nova; to the left along the Triumphant Way. It ravaged the Velabrum and the Forum. It consumed the temple and altar reared to Hercules by the Arcadian Evander, the palace of Numa, and the circular temple of Vesta which enshrined the ever-burning hearth and Penates of the Roman people. Sweeping into the Carinae, which was crowded by consular palaces, it drowned those stately structures and the many trophies of ancient victories with which they were enriched. On the Aventine it destroyed the temple which Servius Tullius had erected to the Moon, and in it the priceless relics of Greek art which L. Mumunius had brought from Corinth. Rolling back to the Palatine with more victorious violence, it reduced to a blackened ruin the venerable temple which Romulus had vowed to Jupiter Stator. Then licking up everything which lay in its path, it roared with voluptuous fury in the more densely crowded regions of the city, raging and crackling among the old tortuous purlieus and crazy habitations of the Subura. With its hot breath it purged the slums and rookeries, foul with a pauper population of oriental immigrants, who were massed round the ill-famed shrines of Isis and Serapis. When it had acquired irresistible volume in these lower regions it again rushed up the hills as with the rage of a demon, to sweep down once more in tumultuous billows over the hapless levels. For six days and seven nights it maintained its horrible and splendid triumph—now bounding from street to street with prodigious rapidity; now seeming to linger luxuriously in some crowded district, flinging up to heaven great sheets of flame, and turning the nightly sky into a vault of suffocating crimson."

In a picture occupying such an enormous canvas and containing such a number and variety of incidents and figures, nothing would be easier than to find faults, whether in the design or the execution. It has been objected—*e.g.*, that Dr. Farrar's "Darkness" is too unrelievedly black and lurid, and that his "Dawn" is much too bright and promising for historical accuracy. To this it may be answered that the first half of the objection can only proceed from those who are ignorant of the sources whence Dr. Farrar has drawn his descriptions. The reader of Tacitus, Dion Cassius, and Suetonius is perfectly aware that the actual darkness was in reality much blacker and denser than Dr. Farrar has dared to depict it, and that he has evinced no little skill in moderating or suppressing the worst features of Roman manners in the days of Nero; and if he has exaggerated the amount of brightness in the nascent Christianity of the same period, he has been probably actuated

by an artistic sense of equipping the antagonistic forces. But, secondly, there is a further reply. An artist must surely be allowed some margin in the execution of work for which he is aware of his especial aptitude. It would be both futile and puerile to blame some acknowledged master of chiaroscuro, such as Rembrandt, that his contrasts of light and shadow are too decisive and striking, when they were both true to nature and were adapted for rare artistic effect. Granted that the circumstances which created the juxtaposition might be exceptional, that is no reason why the artist should not avail himself of such rare opportunities. Indeed, it is one mark of the artistic instinct that it recognises at a glance and eagerly avails itself of every opportunity of seizing on the picturesque wherever it discerns it. How many Church historians have written of the days of Nero without noting the artistic effect producible by bringing the degradation of Rome into approximation with the new Light of Christianity. How well Dr. Farrar has achieved this—the main purpose of his work—I must leave my readers to ascertain by its perusal.

More formidable would be any objections based on the inaccurate character of the book. That which I regard as most noteworthy is that Dr. Farrar has exaggerated the need of secrecy among the Christians of Nero's court. At least Merivale in his History does not scruple to say "of the perfect security with which the Gospel of the true Christ was professed at this time in Rome there can be no question." It seems probable that it was their confusion with the Jews that caused the popular aversion to them remarked by Tacitus and Suetonius, though, of course, the position of the Christians, like that of other professors of "foreign superstitions," must have varied in different periods of Nero's reign.

But my limits have already been exceeded; and I must end by avowing my conviction that *Darkness and Dawn* is an important addition, not to contemporary fiction, as some critics have unworthily placed it, but to the picturesque and graphic treatment of ecclesiastical history. Nowhere else can the student, tired of the dry bones of Mosheim and his successors, find the records of late Roman and early Christian history lit up with such a warm glow of imagination and realistic power as in this book. It is impossible that any reader should peruse it without having his feeling wholesomely stimulated and his intellect copiously informed and illuminated.

JOHN OWEN.

Pococke's Tour in Ireland in 1752. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George T. Stokes, D.D. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.)

"MONDAY, June 22, 1752, I went to Swords, dined there with the Chapter of Christ Church. Set out at five northwards, found the country extremely pleasant." This is the unpretentious manner in which Dr. Pococke, then Archdeacon of Dublin, afterwards Bishop successively of Ossory and of Meath, begins his account of a tour on

horseback, which extended round the whole seaboard of Ireland, and in which difficulties and hardships not a few had to be encountered. Pococke, however, was a traveller not easily daunted. He had explored Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt; he was one of the first of Englishmen to discover the interest and beauty of Switzerland. He had learning, observation, curiosity, and indefatigable energy; and the records of his tours are still well worth reading.

The present volume is a transcript from a hitherto unpublished MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which had been brought to notice by Prof. Stokes in the columns of the *Dublin Daily Press*. A public-spirited citizen of Dublin offered to bear the expenses of publication, and Dr. Stokes contributes an interesting preface and a few notes. It was unquestionably a public service to print such a record as this. Irish historians, genealogists and antiquaries will have to make themselves acquainted with it. At the same time it must be said that this itinerary will not interest the general reader unless he happens to be acquainted with places visited by Pococke, and wishes to see what an intelligent observer found to notice in them a century and a half ago. Pococke's journal consists of notes, out of which a narrative of great interest might have been constructed. As it stands, it is not to be compared, for example, with Arthur Young's *Tour in Ireland*, in point of vivacity, descriptive power, or instructiveness. He noted down all that he observed of the geology of the districts visited, of the industries flourishing there, of the architecture and antiquities; something of the scenery; rarely anything of the social or moral condition of the people, and absolutely nothing of the politics of the country. He gives us the Quid but little of the Quale, and still less of the Quomodo; and any general view which would give real significance to his individual observations must be gained from other sources. Still, among these dry, compendious entries things of striking interest are occasionally met with. This scene, for instance, which he witnessed in Donegal:

"Going from church in the morning I observed a circumstance, which added to the Romantic view of the mountains to the south. In the side of one of them a sort of Amphitheatre is formed in the rock; here I saw several hundred people spread all over that plain spot and the priest celebrating Mass under the rock, on an altar made of loose stones, and tho' it was half a mile distant, I observed his Pontifical vestment with a black cross on it; for in all this country for sixty miles west and south as far as Connaught, they celebrate in the open air, in the fields or on the mountains; the Papists being so few and poor, that they will not be at the expence of a public building."

It does not appear that these open air celebrations were, as has been often represented, necessitated by the operation of the penal laws. Here is another interesting passage, giving us a glimpse into the interior of a Connaught cabin:

"We here got into a Cabbin where they had clean straw and clean blankets;—but the man observing the smoak was very troublesome to

me, he made me a low seat near the fire, and I found it was not so inconvenient, the smoke rising up and condensing above. The guide called for an egg, broke off the top and emptied it into a scallop shell, as I thought to dress it, for the poor here use scallop shells for all uses they can, as they do on the Red sea, but I was surprised when I saw him give a dram about in the egg-shell; the woman also melted tallow in a scallop and dipt the rushes in it. . . . The common people of the country live too much on these poor wretches when they travel, seldom bringing anything with them a [survival of coign and livery!], and they were surprised when I distributed my bread and meat and what I had among them, and that I gave them a piece of money when I went away."

The food of these people, we learn, consisted of oatcakes, potatoes, and buttermilk—a menu which certainly compares favourably with "potatoes and point." The oatcakes have disappeared now, and so, very largely, has the buttermilk; not, however, the hospitality and helpfulness which Pococke seems to have met with everywhere and from every class in Ireland.

The editing of this volume has not been performed in a manner altogether satisfactory. It has no index and no map, and the names of places are often absurdly disguised. Dr. Stokes rightly determined to give what Pococke wrote without correction; but more pains should have been taken to ascertain what he did write. No doubt he was often puzzled by the pronunciation of the natives; but when we come upon names like "Beleseclair," "Daren," "Shilcollogan," "Moyelau," "Kildaimon," and find that they are identifiable, respectively, with Ballysodare, Claren, Kilcolgan, Moyullen, Kilclonan, it becomes obvious that the transcriber's eye, not Pococke's ear, is mainly at fault. It is easy to confuse *cl* with *d* and *n* with *u*, &c.; but there is no excuse for doing so repeatedly, when a glance at the map would have shown what was intended. What would be thought and said about an edition of a Latin MS. in which, let us say, "Damocles" consistently appeared as "Clamodes"?

T. W. ROLLESTON.

Bogatzky's Golden Treasury: a Reprint of Mr. John Thornton's Edition of 1775, with Critical Notes hitherto Unpublished by John Berridge. Edited by Charles P. Phinn. With Introduction by H. C. G. Moule. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is an interesting edition of a not very interesting work. The book is a reprint of an interleaved copy of the 1775 edition of the translation, or paraphrase, of Bogatzky's *Golden Treasury*, which was sent by J. Thornton to John Berridge of Everton for his corrections and preparation for the press. It has been further revised by the Rev. W. Bull. When thus sent to Berridge, though professing to be Bogatzky's *Golden Treasury*, only two-thirds of the prose was in any sense Bogatzky's, and only thirty-seven hymns out of the 366; the rest was all borrowed or adapted from English authors, or written expressly for the work by Mr. Thornton and his friends; the verse was mostly taken from Dr. Watts. In addition to this, Berridge, without consulta-

tion or knowledge of the original, frequently re-wrote whole paragraphs, and sometimes entire papers; very few indeed are left wholly untouched, and Bogatzky, could he have read English, would have been sorely puzzled to recognise in this dress his "Güldenes Schütz-kästlein."

But this edition has a value altogether apart from this. (1.) It presents us with an exact reproduction of the opinions of the chief of the Evangelical Fathers in the Church of England who were neither Wesleyans nor ultra-Calvinists; we see them here in all the excellence of their earnest piety, their missionary zeal, their strong common sense, their democratic equality where religion was concerned, but also in their narrowness and in their limitations. (2.) We scarcely know where to find a more useful lesson for a young writer, whether in prose or verse, especially if he be at all given to fine writing, than a careful study of these pungent remarks by John Berridge. It was not in religion only that he was a staunch Puritan; he was equally a puritan in English. He strove as vigorously to keep his English undefiled as he did to keep his Gospel pure. He has no mercy on the use of a word of Latin origin when an English one will suffice.

"N.B.—The word *elucidate* implies and wholly eats up the word *explain*; then why is it added? Whatever adds no strength to a sentence, encumbers and weakens it.

"Is not permanent, durable? And is not fluctuating, changeable? Then I will translate the sentence into English, and you will see what figure it makes . . . 'to distinguish between what is durable and durable, and what is changeable and changeable.'

"I wonder sensible authors do not study to write plainly, since plain words have more force, yea, and more elegance, than hard ones.

"Most authors are enamoured with Latin words, as if they were better than good English.

"An English author, who cannot write English, deserves the stocks.

"N.B.—Is not an English word better for an English reader than a Latin one? Yet how few authors know how to write English! Indeed, it requires more care and pains than most people are aware of. The Bible and Bailey's Dictionary are my chief books, one to teach me the Gospel, and the other to teach me English.

"This Paper is chiefly Latin, and calls aloud for Bailey's Dictionary.

"As and as, when near together, bray like an ass.

"I do not love, &c., in writing; it is a lazy author-trick."

These are but samples of scores of like notes. Nor is Berridge a whit less caustic in his remarks on the verse, which he corrects as freely as he does the prose, and sometimes very happily.

"N.B.—Notwithstanding the various Houses of Confinement, we still want one in this kingdom, a poetical madhouse for the cure of rhyming lunatics.

"N.B.—The last lines of the third verse want two essential things, viz., rhyme and meaning.

"The fourth line of the first stanza is not verse, but mere prose.

"N.B.—All, and infinitely more than all, is infinite nonsense. N.B.—Mr. C. Wesley, in his poetry, often soars above all hyperbolics."

As we see by this last example, Mr. Berridge has no respect for persons. He attacks the most popular writers and poets of the day as freely as he does less known authors. He has a vigorous onslaught on Jonathan Edwards, Howe finds no favour, Bogatzky often falls under the lash. "I cannot relish Bogatzky's ranting." "The author was nodding over his pipe when he composed this paper." "This paper was wrote by moonlight; I do not well understand it."

Nor is Berridge's criticism wholly negative. He was unacquainted with the original; yet when the translator makes all but nonsense of it, Berridge's instinct not unfrequently enabled him to correct his errors and to bring the translation into accordance with the unseen text. Occasionally he blunders, as when he falls foul of one of the few really pretty papers; whereupon Rev. Wm. Bull has well written over his remarks: *Murder! Murder!*; or as when he sneers at Thomas Aquinas. Yet, on the whole, strange as it may seem to be sent to such a book for such a purpose, a young writer could hardly do better than spend a few hours in turning over these notes and carefully considering these corrections by sturdy John Berridge.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Esther Vanhomrigh. By Margaret L. Woods. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

Hovenden, V.C. By F. Mabel Robinson. In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

The Gambler's Secret. By Percy Fendall. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

In the Stranger People's Country. By C. E. Cradock. (Osgood, Mellvaine & Co.)

The Brethren of Mount Atlas. By H. Stedfield. (Longmans.)

The Fossicker. By Ernest Glanville. (Chatto & Windus.)

Unto Death. By Fleur de Lys. (A. W. Hall.)

Conscience. By Hector Malot. Translated by J. E. S. Rae. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

THE question which must have been put to themselves by all critical persons, when they took up Mrs. Woods's bold venture into the most dangerous kind of historical novel, must have been: Would she or would she not justify her going about to break that law of the kind which is partly, though not wholly, written in a famous canon of Joubert's? The law is that, when the novelist attempts an historical subject, he shall make his interest centre upon purely fictitious persons, bringing in the real ones as—at any rate, in appearance—accessories. This law, like most such laws, is partly inductive and partly deductive. It is an observed fact that the great writers of such novels have almost always—and always without the almost in their most successful work—obeyed the law, and that, to all appearance, instinctively. And it is a principle easily perceivable *a priori* that, if this is not done, either liberty must be taken with the historical facts, or at least there must be

the danger of jarring the reader's preconceived ideas about the characters. Now Mrs. Woods has, at first sight, flown straight in the face of this law. She has, indeed, a fictitious underplot of considerable ambition, but her hero throughout is none other than Swift; her heroines throughout none other than Vanessa and Stella themselves. We shall not undertake to decide here the point which the counsel for Mrs. Woods suggests, that the actual story is so legendary and ill ascertained in its most important facts, that it really gives a great deal of liberty. We shall not even dwell on the other point, that Mrs. Woods has considerably altered the historical or legendary *dénouement*, by changing the fatal letter of Vanessa to Stella into an actual interview between the two women. It is enough that she has done the thing with a remarkable and unexpected amount of success. If we were of those peddlers who call whatsoever they disagree with a fault, we could hit some blots. Mrs. Woods justifies Mr. Thackeray when he said that women generally take Vanessa's part; and we think she is a little (though she does not mean to be) unfair to Stella. Her view of Swift's attitude to Irish politics is pretty certainly mistaken. She may take it from us that this attitude was as purely *fondue* and as little Nationalist as could be. We grieve to see that she does not like his delightful puns and nonsense verses, and actually compares them (we have turned the prayer machine many times that she may be forgiven) to the stuff of modern burlesque writers. But these things are nothing at all. She has given us a Vanessa both passionate and possible; a Swift who is most human and therefore most Swiftian; and a Stella who is also possible, though she is not our Stella. The opening scene of the second volume is as strong a thing as we have read for some years in English; the lighter parts of the first volume are fresh and good; the gloom of the end is not ill-rendered; and the pains which the author has taken to saturate herself with the language and atmosphere of the Journal are seldom lost labour. The weakest part of the book undoubtedly is the underplot, which Mrs. Woods, perhaps in unconscious terror of the law, has endeavoured to make unusually striking and prominent. Francis Earle, Swift's rival, is uninteresting enough to have been the hero, but that is all. The wicked Lord Mordaunt, Peterborough's son, is no better, and much worse. Ginekel Vanhomrigh, the brother, is of that dangerous kind of fool-knave who requires very skilful handling. Molly indeed, Esther's sister, the heroine-victim of this part, is very well; but she abides, a ghost with no interest left in her, too long on the scene. All this is no doubt a drawback to the book, but it remains the best attempt to do a probably impossible thing that we remember to have seen.

Miss Mabel Robinson is too clever a young lady not to have inserted, with a point of malice, a phrase early in her book wherein the author of *La Terre* is classed with Dante, Shakspere, Molière, and a few others, as examples of the first-class in literature. But the point of malice slips off the shield

of serenity: and for our parts we shall give her leave to "eke and add" with M. Ohnet himself if she likes. A certain effort is indeed perceptible to introduce Naturalist treatment, and it does not improve the book; but its weakest feature is, oddly enough, one which M. Zola could have taught his disciple to avoid. If titles were taken from real centres of interest, the book would have been named "*Althea Rodriguez*." Althea is not exactly a divine Althea: she is even excessively human. Half Jewess and half Englishwoman by blood, she keeps the mixture pretty constantly at boiling point, but rapidly changes the chafing dishes. She becomes violently enamoured of the thews, the glory, the name, and the expectations of Hovenden, V.C., an honourable and gallant chuckle-head. He becoming a cripple by accident, and losing his expectations by the birth of a nearer heir, she transfers her passion to Dallas Sugden, a brawny boor of a surgeon. When Sugden has dragged her to almost the lowest depths of Bohemia, she reverts lefthandedly to Hovenden, and then most conveniently dies—a sort of *Copperfield-and-Agnes* after-piece rewarding the chuckle-headed hero. He has had odd experiences of other kinds, which we tell not that the story may be saved. Now this death of Althea is too convenient. The real Althea, we can tell Miss Robinson in confidence, did not die. She left Hovenden for Number Three, and Number Three for Number Four; and at length became, or will become, if she has not committed suicide directly or indirectly, one of those

"Sur qui pose la griffe effroyable de Dieu."

The Frenchman, to do him justice (which we always do), would have shown us this. Miss Robinson, whom we do not like any the less for it, has been afraid to do so; and so death and Agnes crown the rose-pink scene. The whole of the first volume is very clever; and though we do not think Sugden is consistently drawn, Althea's final breach with him is well done. But grime and rose-pink abide not well together.

Mr. Percy Fendall's novel is a very fair specimen of the "queer story," amplified into two volumes. Two men, both officers in the army and in want of money, have combined to cheat at cards, and undetected win a large sum of money, which they divide. Some time afterwards, one of them, Colonel Lyle, comes into a fortune, and the other, Captain Blackford, persistently blackmails him. The victim's eldest daughter accidentally discovers the facts and breaks off a promising match, feeling that she has no right to marry with this disgrace hanging over her. Add to these characters a younger sister of this heroine, an adventuress of the name of Mrs. Dalrymple, and Lord Glenmurray, Kate Lyle's suitor, and the "effective" of *The Gambler's Secret* is summed up. The whole thing is, of course, slight, and there are one or two blots in it. The reforming passion, for instance, of the rascal Blackford for the bread-and-butter Rose Lyle, though not impossible, is so improbable as to be out of keeping with an otherwise very matter-of-fact story. And if Mrs. Dalrymple was

half as clever and half as world-worn a woman as she is represented, she would hardly have devised a will for Colonel Lyle which was practically certain to be upset for "undue influence." But in other respects the story shows narrative and constructive faculty, which are rather wasted on the subject and the style.

The merits as also the defects of the work of "Charles Egbert Cradock" are by this time pretty well known. It is never a small thing to have so completely seized and rendered the physiognomy of place and people in a particular district. On the other hand, the combination of the rudest dialect in conversation with the finest and newest fashions in description and "analysis" is, to some tastes, more incongruous than pleasing. Whether the good or the ill predominates in this book need not be said; but the story is simple. One Shattuck, a town-bred man, goes to explore certain ancient pigmy graveyards, to the no small suspicion of the countryside. The misdeeds of a gang of horse-stealers bring about divers tragedies, and at last quite a little Armageddon of shooting at sight. The "little people," as the country folk call their pre-historic neighbours, also have no small influence on the domestic happiness of a certain Yates family and the fortunes of one, Letitia Pettingill, the blueness of whose eyes is perpetually spurring on the writer to new debaucheries (as Mr. J. R. Green observed severely of the poet Dryden's indulgence in tarts) of word-painting. The book shows great talent, wilfully hampered, not by the dialect, but by the provincial affectations of the fine writing.

With respect to the two next books on our list, the generous mind hesitates to breathe the name of Mr. Rider Haggard. Of course men had had documentary keys to puzzle out before the earlier chapters of *King Solomon's Mines*, and had been shut up in rocky dungeons before the later ones. Still, when we find one of these incidents in *The Fossicker* and the other in *The Brethren of Atlas*, not to mention a few more coincidences in each, it seems a little to smack. But no matter for that. *The Fossicker* is a fairly sensational story of South Africa, and the other a fairly mysterious story of North Africa. *The Brethren* (which, by the way, is only a first part) is the more ambitious and the better written, though it is marred by an attempt at satiric by-play; *The Fossicker* is the liveliest and most "accidented." We have no harm to say of either.

Unto Death is an instance, and not a bad one, of what a German critic would probably define as the religious-romantic-bourgeois style. This style has hitherto been rather American than English, and its great exemplar was the Rev. E. P. Roe, over whom Englishmen have made fun not quite according to knowledge; for Mr. Roe was a remarkable man in his way, and a sort of male Mrs. Henry Wood in ability, though not in style. "In the school of P. Roe 'Fleur de Lys' is a scholar" and a fairly proficient one.

M. Hector Malot's clean and craftsman-like, if not very exalted or artistic, work is

known to all readers of French novels. Miss Rae has selected a very fair specimen of that work, and has translated it better than fairly.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Cloud of Witness. A Daily Sequence of Great Thoughts from Many Minds, following the Christian Seasons. By the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell. (Henry Frowde.)

"It is the object of this little book to detach and emphasise some cardinal point of Christian teaching (not always the thought most plainly obvious) associated with each Sunday and Holy-day; and to present it in its different aspects for daily meditation throughout the week, illuminated and enforced by cognate testimony drawn from the minds of those who, from age to age, have seemed to catch most truly the Heavenly Vision—to hear most clearly the Divine Voices—to apprehend in fullest measure the realities of God's Purpose amongst men."

This ambitious design has been carried out by the compiler, not only with much taste, but with the utmost catholicity. If she has given a large share of space to the great teachers of the present century, both in verse and prose, she has not disdained to include the purest of the pagan philosophers, or even the Koran. As such a "golden treasury" should be impeccable, we may be pardoned for remarking that, in the list of authors, Bacon is given a rank in the peerage which he never possessed. Of the mechanical execution of this volume, it is impossible to speak too highly. Printed at the Oxford Press, on India paper, with red initials, borders, and ornaments, and with a collotype reproduction of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" for frontispiece, it forms a thing of pleasure for the eye to look upon and for the fingers to touch; while it never fails to open at some familiar passage that awakes sweet memories.

Stories from the Bible. Second Series. By the Rev. A. T. Church. (Macmillans.) We have enjoyed this second series of Stories from the Bible more than the first. The reason is probably not because they are better written, but because we have had time to get over the shock of the transformation of the familiar narrative. We have become more aware of the pains and judgment exercised by Mr. Church in compiling his book, and more sensible of the simplicity and dignity of his own style. The usefulness of his labours to teachers or preachers who are trying to instruct others in the history of the Israelites can scarcely be over estimated. The illustrations "after Julius Schnorr" are continued.

Lady Hymn Writers. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (Nelson.) Industry and enthusiasm have combined to make Mrs. Pitman's compilation successful. We do not always agree with her selection of examples, and her information is frequently scrappy; but her genuine interest in her subject is apparent in every chapter, and makes her book readable. No attempt is made to criticise popular tastes. If a hymn is popular, its author's name is mentioned with as much information about her as it occurs to Mrs. Pitman to give; and some further specimen of her powers is added, not so well known as the hymn which has occasioned comment. The feebleness of these specimens is a considerable tribute to the soundness of popular judgment. Mrs. Pitman generally quotes from some authority when she ventures to criticise, and not always wisely. Would she have found that "Nearer my God to Thee" "reveals the lack of the Saviour" if she had not been aware that the author was a

Unitarian? We should like to see this passage struck out. In the chapter on "hymn writers who were also poetesses," it is not the best poets who receive the most attention. But Mrs. Pitman's book inevitably lays itself open to criticism in detail. The essential fact about it is that as a whole it is a success.

Short Tales for Lads of a Bible-class. First Series. Second Series. Tales for a Bible-class of Girls. By the Rev. W. E. Heygate. (S.P.C.K.) Mr. Heygate's short tales are of unusual merit. His vigorous directness is perhaps most successful in the volumes intended for lads, but it will not displease girls, and makes all his tales readable. He is aware that improving stories, if young people are to read them, must be real stories, and that the moral must be kept in proper subordination. He can write a crisp lively piece of dialogue when necessary; and without pretending to delineate character with any elaboration, he yet contrives to give tolerable distinctness to many of his heroes and heroines. His books cannot fail to be useful to those for whom they are written.

Baxter's Second Innings: Specially reported for the — School Eleven. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Even if it were not for the open secret of its authorship, this booklet would deserve notice for the novelty of its external form and the boldness of its conception. The author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, having reduced the doctrines of evolution to a moral allegory, now ventures to treat the game of cricket according to the same method. It is not difficult to guess which of the players takes the part of the demon; but the interest is rather taken out of the game when we are told that the captain never lost a match. However, the pill is sweetened by quotations from no less an authority than Dr. W. G. Grace, though we are not sure that all the teaching is such as he would approve. As a means of instruction, we had thought the allegory long ago extinct—the last that we remember to have read was called *Agathos*. But Prof. James Drummond has almost persuaded us that any genre in literature is capable of being brought to life again by earnestness and simplicity.

Gods and Heroes; or, The Kingdom of Jupiter. By R. E. Francillon. With eight Illustrations (Blackwood.) Mr. Francillon, whose reputation has been won in other walks of fiction, here essay a task that at the present time is well nigh impossible. Now that the surviving copies of dear old Lemprière must be thumbed out of legibility, and Ovid is unread even by boys, we fear it is too late a day to touch the beautiful mythology of Greece. Not that Mr. Francillon has dimmed its brightness. Indeed, we think that his bright, easy, conversational style (though certainly not Hellenic, much less Roman) gives him some advantage over the weird languors of Nathaniel Hawthorne, or the conscientious vigour of Charles Kingsley. We are pleased with what we have read, and we undertake to say that the book will bear well reading aloud. We only hope we are wrong in thinking that the subject-matter has largely lost its savour for the young generation, whose palates have been stimulated by more spicy dishes, and who openly show their opinions about "compulsory Greek." Assuredly, Mr. Francillon has not been helped by his illustrator: the frontispiece is worthy of "La Belle Hélène." It remains true that no English artist but Flaxman has ever gone near to imitating "the glory that was Greece."

Stories for Boys. By Richard Harding Davis. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) We have not read the "short stories" which won for Mr. Davis the name of an American Rudyard Kipling. But it happens that the first tale in the present volume deliberately challenges such a comparison, both in title and in subject. As he has

brought it on his own head, he must submit to be told that talent is a very different thing from genius. He can write with crispness, and he has already mastered the difficulties of dialogue, which so many English authors seem to find insuperable. But he lacks that supreme imaginative faculty which compels even the dullest reader to realise what is presented to him on the printed page. He never carries us away with him; he never leaves an impression that we cannot forget. For the rest, we gladly admit that he is clever and readable, and has here given us a fresh conception of the American boy, who appears to be even more devoted to athletic hero-worship than his English cousin. We are sorry, however, to learn that the "turf" in the United States seems to be in the same condition as—let us say—in Austria; that the umpires at lawn-tennis matches can only be restrained from unfair decisions by the presence of herculean chucks-out; and that it is high praise to say of a 'varsity football player: "You never hit a man on the field unless he's playing foul or trying to hurt some of your team."

The Story of a Puppet; or, the Adventures of Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. Translated from the Italian by M. A. Murray. Illustrated by C. Mazzanti. (Fisher Unwin.) Pinocchio, my dear Pinocchio, though you were only made of wood, I feel sure that that wood was of no common sort—not deal, nor elm, nor even poplar. Nor was the tree a common one of its kind, whatever that kind were. It was a tree sprung from some ancestor famous in fable—that of Myrrha, perchance or Daphne, or one at least of which the roots had been fed with human tears, or the sap with human blood. No wonder your maker, Gospetto, loved you; no wonder the sweet fairy with the blue hair adopted you as her son, for you were no ordinary puppet. I have known boys more heartless, grown-up men more vicious. Did you not always preserve a love for Gospetto though he gave you such an awkward nose? Were you not ready to be burnt rather than Harlequin should suffer in your stead? You make me wish that I had been a puppet, too. Then perhaps I might have seen the white child in the wood and the showman Fire-eater; might have slept at the Sign of the Crawfish, and been swallowed by that great monster of the sea who took a whole ship at a gulp. Such experiences were not, indeed, without their terror, and they were ill-turns which were done to you by the cat and the fox and the little man who drove the coach to the Land of Boobies; but they were experiences—grand experiences. I wish I had known you like Signor Collodi, I wish I had seen you like Signor Mazzanti; as it is, I can only thank them for introducing you to my imagination. Perhaps as you are now a little boy I shall meet you some day—till when, farewell.

The Little Marine and the Japanese Lily. By Florence Marryat. (Hutchinson.) The Little Marine is Charlie Harrison, and the Japanese Lily a Japanese infant, who was found derelict after the battle of Simono-seki, when Prince Choosin was defeated. Charlie is a bugler of twelve years old and does all sorts of brave things. He saves the life of an officer, and nearly kills a little Japanese boy who had tortured his pet fawn. But he loses his temper on this occasion, and goes on hitting the little Japanese boy long after he ought to have left off. Such conduct in such a moral story as this could not be allowed to pass without punishment for the edification of other little boys. So poor little Lily is stolen by the Japanese boy, to the great grief of the whole regiment, and especially of Charlie, who was devoted to her; and when she is found again, she is in a dreadful state of neglect and dirt. But this is not the worst, for she has the small-pox, of which she dies,

singing "Dentle Desus," which Charlie has taught her. Altogether, the book is about the poorest performance we have read for some time.

The Tenants of Johnson's Court, and Other Stories. By Janet Armytage. (Partridge.) A pathetic interest attaches to this book, for its author, Miss Katharine Axon, who wrote under the name of Janet Armytage, died in October, 1890, while she was engaged in preparing it for the press. Although only eighteen years of age, Miss Axon had already made herself known in and beyond her native city of Manchester as a writer, and still more as a strenuous worker for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. From these stories it is evident that, if she had lived to develop fully her literary powers, she would have made her mark. But to say that the book is full of promise would be less than the truth, for here is not promise alone but actual achievement—a maturity of power greater than we were entitled to expect. Miss Axon has told her stories of humble life with the directness and simplicity of a skilled story-teller. Mrs. Gaskell herself, the great writer of the annals of the Lancashire poor, could hardly have told some of them better. In a sympathetic sketch of Miss Axon's life, contributed by Miss Beatrice Lindsay, it is stated that Miss Axon was an admirer of Mrs. Gaskell's works, and of some of the novels of Charlotte Bronte. This we can easily believe; yet there is no echo of Mrs. Gaskell or of anyone else in her own stories. In the course of her philanthropic ministrations, Miss Axon witnessed the occurrences which she has reproduced with such life-like touch. Her pathos is good; her descriptions of town and country scenes are very good. Perhaps her power is greatest in bringing little, simple incidents vividly before the imagination—Natalie's journey through the snow, the death of Jack Danley, the description of the old apple woman exhibit dramatic power. Miss Axon made literature subservient to her philanthropic purpose, but in doing so happily did not spoil her art. Each story, apart from its "moral" setting, is complete—a little gem of its kind. And it is distinct evidence of talent that, although all the pieces in the volume are intended to teach one and the same lesson—the evil of the drink traffic—there is no sameness or repetition in either incident or manner of treatment. In expressing a hope that Miss Axon's other writings may yet be collected and published, we venture to suggest that they would be worthy of a somewhat better "get up" than has been provided for the present stories. The "Onward Series," to which the volume belongs, includes some useful books, but hitherto it has not been distinguished by the artistic character of its printing.

Voices by the Way. By the Rev. Harry Jones. (S.P.C.K.). Mr. Harry Jones collects in this volume a number of short essays on miscellaneous subjects, having nothing in common but the object of edifying the mind and temper of readers without taxing too much their powers of attention. The papers are clearly intended to amuse as well as to instruct. The book exhibits the characteristics with which readers of Mr. Harry Jones's previous volumes are familiar. He is never to any remarkable extent profound or imaginative or subtle: one is, indeed, occasionally tempted to complain that he is commonplace; but as a rule he writes with admirable good sense and good nature, and displays a large acquaintance with men, combined with as keen and appreciative a knowledge of books and science as can be shown by one not professing to be a student. To read one of the essays is to chat for ten minutes with the author; and Mr. Harry Jones is emphatically a man whom it does us good to talk

to, whose conversation and character brace and encourage us. The style of the papers is vigorous and direct. Mr. Jones can always explain himself in clear pithy English, easily understood but yet thoroughly impressive.

Sweet William; or, The Castle of Mount St. Michael. By Marguerite Bonvel. (Nelson.) The author succeeds in importing into her book some breath of the time and place with which she deals. She tells very gracefully the story of a young child's influence for good upon a man of stern and unforgiving temperament. The power of character when it is consistent is convincingly insisted upon. We can heartily recommend the tale, which is pleasantly illustrated and bound.

Bab; or, the Triumph of Unselfishness. By Ismay Thorn. (Blackie.) We cannot admire the outside of *Bab*; the inside has certain very obvious merits. The story is well conceived, and told with simplicity and directness. Some of the domestic scenes are of more than average merit. The fault of the tale is an over-anxiety to inculcate a moral. *Bab* is not always as childlike as she ought to be, and her fondness for "heaping coals of fire" on other people's heads would cause great irritation in most family circles. The illustrations are much better than the design on the binding led us to expect.

The Precious Things of Home. By the Rev. Walter Senior. ("Home Words" Office.) This handful of essays, reprinted from *Home Words*, well deserves a wider circulation. They are terse and telling addresses to young wives and mothers, admirably suited for parochial use and sure to be popular if read at mothers' meetings and the like. Middle-class homes would be a great deal happier than they are were the teachings of these essays more generally practised.

How to Keep Healthy. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D. (Religious Tract Society.) This volume contains a series of papers on health and cognate topics which have appeared at intervals in the pages of the *Leisure Hour*. They are written in an easy style, and are likely to prove useful to others besides the unfortunate School Board teacher, who has to give instruction in hygiene. Some of Dr. Schofield's statements are a little too unqualified. "No child can eat too much wholesome food" is a doctrine which must not be preached indiscriminately at Christmastide; and what will early-risers make of the dictum, "It is better never to begin work before seven a.m.?" The chapter on "How to make the most of a holiday" is sensible; and, indeed, the same epithet may be applied to most of the book.

Ten Minutes Tales for every Sunday. By Frances Harriet Wood. (S.P.C.K.) There seems no reason why these tales should be arranged under successive Sundays, as, with one or two exceptions, they are in no way connected with the teaching for their Sundays as set forth in the Prayer-book. But the stories are generally interesting. Those dealing with historical subjects are most successful, but we have noticed none which can be called altogether a failure. The author writes well and takes pains. Illustrations and binding are equally pleasant.

Fleming of Brierwood. By Hester White. (S.P.C.K.) With a much more interesting love-story than is common in the books of this venerable society, the characters of Fleming, Simon and Miss Drake, are carefully drawn from the first page to the last. The few touches which describe country scenery are also effective. This authoress exhibits considerable promise, and her future work will be expected with eagerness.

Brief Counsels Concerning Business. By an Old Man of Business. (Religious Tract Society.)

This well meaning but verbose book treats business from its moral and religious sides. In directness of aim and diction it often misses its mark. For instance, a long chapter on "Partners" may be summarised in the statement: "If you have partners, be prepared to give and take." So when Ruskin is named, he is described as "the great writer on the many subjects he has enriched and adorned with the products of his pen, and of whose value to our country in raising the morale of its people, we as a nation can have a just conception only when," &c., &c. The author of these *Counsels* is doubtless earnest and upright, but his vocation is not literature.

Talks to Girls by One of Themselves on the Difficulties, Duties, and Joys of a Girl's Life. (S.P.C.K.) As a present to girls going out to service, or for use at meetings of the Girls' Friendly Society, these twenty papers would be admirable. They are written in a sympathetic spirit with much common sense. Were their excellent counsels more generally inculcated, girls would be both better and happier. Unreserved praise may be awarded to this little book.

Parson's Green, by G. Norway (Nisbet), portrays the different lines led by girls who had been school friends, according as they resist temptation or stray from the paths of duty. It may well find a place in parish libraries.

Brave and True. By Gregson Gow. (Blackie.) These four children's stories are inoffensive, but in no way marked by originality.

THE heroine of A High Resolve, by C. S. Lowndes (S.P.C.K.), fancies it unnecessary with this high ideal in her mind to practice the everyday virtues of good temper, sincerity, and the like. How she found out her mistake during a sojourn at a farmhouse is pleasantly told. Miss Lowndes should not vex Lindley Murray's soul with such a sentence as "she does not intend to let the boys and I work you hard"; nor should she talk of the "eldest," "oldest," "biggest," of two children.

THE chief incident in Isaac Beach, Signalman, by E. M. Daughish (S.P.C.K.), consists in finding a baby on a railway platform one Christmas Eve, fastened in a basket labelled "Live Stock; to be delivered at once." The guard takes it to his childless home; and the softening influence which the girl exercises as she grows up, and the means by which her father was discovered, are told in a graphic manner.

LADY DUNBOYNE teaches pleasantly "Do the work that's nearest" in *Aunt Lilly's Motto* (S.P.C.K.). In its 150 pages there is no lack of incidents, including a theatre on fire, and children nearly drowned by the rising tide. Most Oxford men would like to know the result of an examination for honours as quickly and satisfactorily as did the hero.

THAT a life of simple unaffected piety far transcends a self-righteous disposition is well and pleasantly told in *Mrs. Glen's Daughter*, by F. E. Reade (S.P.C.K.). It is to be wished there were more Mr. Heaths in our large towns. Oddly enough, one prominent character possesses no surname; at least we cannot find it.

Dorothy, and other Stories, by Hope Carlyon, (S.P.C.K.), is a collection of four children's stories, which may claim the twofold merit of being well written and fairly entertaining. The best in the collection is, in our opinion, that which the author has put in the forefront—viz., Dorothy, a little, thoughtful, nervous maid, who saves her father's life from Irish assassins, though the third, "Roger Everard," runs it closely.

Charlie: the Story of a very Little Boy. By A. F. Jackson. (S.P.C.K.) This pretty story shows how a good servant can influence children. It is quite the book for a nursery.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish in the course of January Mr. Henry Jephson's account of the Rise and Progress of the Political Platform in this country. The work is in two volumes, of which the first deals with the long struggle for the rights of public meeting and of free speech during the reigns of George III. and George IV. The second volume follows the progress of the Platform from the agitation for the first Reform Bill to that which preceded the Reform Act of 1884. Mr. Jephson finally treats of the position and power of the platform in the present day.

THE next volume of the Badminton Library, to be published by Messrs. Longmans in January—a very appropriate month—will deal with Skating, Curling, Tobogganning, and other Ice Sports, including (we hope) ice-boat sailing, which claims to be the fastest mode of human motion. Among a long list of contributors to the volume, we may mention the names of Messrs. J. M. Heathcote and C. G. Tebbutt, the Rev. John Kerr, and Colonel Buck.

MR. HEINEMANN will issue immediately after Christmas M. Maeterlinck's two dramas "The Princess Maleine" and "The Intruder," in one volume, with an introduction by Mr. Hall Caine, and not by Mr. Oscar Wilde, as previously announced.

MR. HEINEMANN also has nearly ready for issue in pamphlet form Mr. Beerbohm Tree's address to the Playgoers' Club on "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage."

W. P. ANDERSON GRAHAM, the author of "Nature in Books," whose letters on the village problem have excited much interest as they appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, has undertaken to write a volume on the rural migration for Messrs. Methuen's "Social Questions of the Day" series.

MR. LOCH, secretary to the Charity Organisation Society, will publish immediately with Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. a small book on *Old Age, Pensions, and Pauperism*, being an inquiry as to the bearing of the statistics of pauperism, quoted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and others, in support of a scheme for national pensions.

A NEW edition of Lowell's *Fable for Critics*, illustrated with twenty-six vignette portraits of the authors criticised and representing them in 1848, will be published early next month by Messrs. Gay & Bird. The same firm also announce as nearly ready Agnes Repplier's new volume of essays, entitled *Points of View*.

THE veteran journalist, Mr. G. A. Sala, has rejoined the ranks of the novelists—after a somewhat lengthy absence therefrom. He has written a story, entitled *The Potter of Pfefferkuchenstein*, for Messrs. Tillotson & Son. It is broadly humorous, and purports to describe the discovery of porcelain.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN is about to publish a collection of poems on African subjects by Mr. Scully.

AMONG the new volumes of verse announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication are *Love in Earnest*, by Mr. J. G. F. Nicholson; and *All the World Over*, by "A Wanderer."

MR. FISHER UNWIN has nearly ready for publication a metaphysical work by Colonel James Boddy Keene entitled, *Power and Force, Spiritual and Mental: Their Discreet Differences, Mutual Interrelation and Specific Atmospheres*.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON have purchased from Mr. H. E. Bird, the well-known chess-player, the copyright of his standard works on Chess.

AN erroneous impression has apparently gained currency, that the "Matthew Tindale"

of Miss Varty Smith's novel, recently referred to in the ACADEMY, is in some way connected with the well-known Deist of the last century. Matthew Tindale is, however, a plain village blacksmith, and the authoress desires it to be understood that the similarity of name is quite fortuitous.

THE annual address to the London Positivist Society will be delivered by Prof. Beesly, at Newton Hall, Fetter-lane, on Friday, January 1, at 8 p.m.

DON JOSÉ COROLEN, author of *Las Cortes Catalanas* and other historical works, has sent us *El Código de los Usajes de Barcelona*, a chapter of a nearly finished work, on which he has been engaged for fifteen years, making researches in the Archives of the Province, to be entitled "Estudio de la civilización Catalana desde la caída del imperio Romano hasta el advenimiento de la dinastía de los Borbones."

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

STILL more about Carlyle. On his well-known Irish tour, of which his own somewhat gloomy notes have been published, he was accompanied by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, then an ardent young Irish Nationalist. Sir Charles had the good sense to take notes of Carlyle's conversation, and has now prepared them for publication in the *Contemporary Review*, interspersed with a large number of letters of the time which he received from the Sage of Chelsea. The first instalment will appear in the January number.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to an article entitled, "Probability and Faith" which appears in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*. It is the last piece of work from the pen of the late Bishop of Carlisle, and is based on Dr. Abbott's recent review of the beliefs and teachings of Cardinal Newman. The Bishop was, as he says, "one of those—not so many of them now—who had heard Newman preach in his own pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford."

OUR readers will remember the striking series of articles written by "E. B. Lanin" on Russian affairs which recently appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. "Lanin" is about to give in the next *Contemporary* an account of the Russian sect, the Stundists, and of the persecution to which they have been subjected by the Government at the instigation of the Orthodox Church.

Two features of the forthcoming number of the *Century* are a retrospective article by Gounod, with a frontispiece portrait of the composer representing him in the act of composition, at his right hand an organ; and an article on the Jews of New York.

MR. PINCHES'S second article on "The Old Testament in the Light of the Literature of Assyria and Babylonia" will appear in the January number of *The Expository Times*. The other contributors include the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (on "The Teaching of our Lord as to the Authority of the Old Testament"); Canon Cheyne, Prof. Kennedy, Prof. A. B. Davidson, Prof. Orr, and Mr. Gwilliam.

WITH the New Year, the *Welcome Hour* enters on its sixteenth year, and will be published by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co. Among the contents will be a novel on entirely new lines by the editor, Mr. Percy Russell, author of "The Author's Manual," now in its fifth edition.

THE Christmas number of the *Fishing Gazette* will contain two plates: one, after a picture by Rolfe, entitled "The First Lesson," depicts an otter bringing a salmon-trout to its cubs; the other gives wood-engravings of the dace, chub,

roach, and rudd, showing the distinguishing characteristics of the several fish.

"A NOTEWORTHY CASE" is the title of a detective experience by a Chief Constable, which will be commenced in No. 431 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, forming the first number of the New Year. In the same issue will appear a complete story by Major Arthur Griffiths, entitled "The Thames Talisman"; an article on Monte Carlo and its Gaming Tables; Mr. F. C. Burnand, of *Punch*, is the subject of the article on "Editors of the Day"; and the number will be illustrated by Mr. Frederick Barnard and Mr. J. F. Sullivan.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE death of the Duke of Devonshire is a greater loss to the learned world than it is (directly) to politics or society. Almost ever since he took his degree at Cambridge, in 1829, with double honours, he has been most intimately associated with academical affairs. In that very year, at the early age of twenty-one, he was returned to parliament for his university, though he forfeited the seat for supporting the Reform Bill. From 1836 to 1856, he was chancellor of London University. In 1861 the Senate at Cambridge chose him to be their own chancellor, in succession to the Prince Consort. He was also the first president of Owens College, and the first chancellor of Victoria University, both of which bodies owe much to his administrative ability. The Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge bears witness to his munificence; while science acknowledges no less gratitude to him for serving as chairman of the Royal Commission on scientific instruction and the advancement of science,

DR. PEILE, vice-chancellor and master of Christ's, the Rev. Dr. Butler, master of Trinity, Sir Gabriel G. Stokes, M.P., and Prof. A. Macalister have been appointed to represent Cambridge at the tercentenary festival of the University of Dublin, to be held in July 1892.

THE following address, signed by nearly 200 resident graduates of Oxford, including all the heads of colleges and most of the professorial and tutorial body, has been presented on their behalf by the Vice-Chancellor to Dean Liddell:—

"The announcement of the resignation of the Dean of Christ Church has created a deep feeling of regret, not only among his personal friends, but throughout the university generally. And the feeling cannot but be shared especially by the best members of Convocation, who have had the best opportunity of knowing and appreciating his services to the university.

"Five-and-thirty years have passed since Dr. Liddell was appointed to the Deanery—years full of questions and events of the gravest academical import. Throughout that time he has held an undisputed pre-eminence among us—occupying a foremost place in the highest departments of university administration, recognised as an authority whose opinion was most valued upon the subject of university study and discipline, or those of scholarship, literature, natural science, and art and taste; ever ready with thoughtful and judicious counsel on the various matters of debate in these days of change and progress; unbiased by party feeling, whether political or theological, and no less tolerant of the views of others than temperate and calm in the expression of his own.

"We feel, indeed, that the departure of the Dean of Christ Church will be the loss of a presence and a power in the university which it will be very difficult to replace; and we venture respectfully to request the Vice-Chancellor to be the medium of conveying to him now our grateful sense of the singleness of purpose with which he has consistently aided and encouraged whatever was deemed most likely to advance the reputation and promote the efficiency of the university; and

at the same time our own share in the general regret at his retirement from the dignified position in Oxford which he has so long and so ably filled."

MR. E. W. HOBSON, of Christ's College, has been appointed deputy for Prof. Adams, the Lowndean professor of astronomy and geometry at Cambridge, for the two remaining terms of the academical year.

MR. W. K. EVANS, Clark scholar of Glasgow, has been elected to the chair of philosophy at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, vacant by the appointment of Prof. Henry Jones to St. Andrews, in succession to Prof. Seth.

THE last number of *Bibliographical Contributions*, issued by Harvard University, consists of a classified list of books relating to British municipal history, compiled by Dr. Charles Gross, instructor in history at Harvard, whose admirable book on *The Gild Merchant* was published last year by the Clarendon Press. The first portion gives general authorities; the second portion is arranged according to towns. The value of the list is much enhanced by brief notes, estimating the importance of the books. Dr. Gross states that this is only a selection from a bibliography comprising nearly 4000 titles, which he has almost ready for the press.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

CHANGE AND REST.

(*In Sight of the Pyrenees.*)

SHALL all our troubled life soon cease?
Our life like yonder rushing stream—
Shall purity be ours and peace,
Like yonder snowy peaks that gleam
Beneath the dazzling morning light,
And all unconscious slowly change?
Shall we like frozen flakes, once white,
Again rush on and joyous range
Adown some new and happier ways?
O mystery of life that flows,
And ebbs again, and seeks repose:
A thousand years shall seem but days.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

IN MEMORIAM.

ABRAHAM KUENEN.

THE course of Prof. Kuennen's uneventful life may be sketched in a very few lines.

He was born at Haarlem on September 16, 1828. His father was an apothecary in that city, and sent his son first to the Elementary School and then to the Gymnasium. Before Kuennen was fifteen his father died, and he had to leave school and take a humble place in the business. His old schoolfellows, however, would not let him drop. They walked with him on his "rounds," they included him in their clubs and societies, they gave him the position which his character and talents always secured him throughout his life, but which his singular modesty always made so simple and natural that it was never conspicuous. Older friends also interested themselves in him, and means were found of sending him back to school, and subsequently, just before his eighteenth birthday, to the University of Leiden, which he never left till his death.

His career was a series of triumphs. From the first he was a centre of life in the University; and when he took his degree of Theologian Doctor on the strength of an edition of thirty-four chapters of Genesis from the Arabic Version of the Samaritan Pentateuch, his university found means to detain him with a minor appointment, until, in 1852, Thorbecke recommended the Crown to appoint him extraordinary Professor of Theology. In 1855 he succeeded to one of the ordinary chairs; and in the same year he married Miss

Muurling, a daughter of one of the founders of the Groningen School of Theology, which made the first pronounced breach with Calvinistic orthodoxy in the Reformed Church of Holland. Kuennen himself soon became one of the main supports of the Modern Theology of which Scholten and Opzoomer were the chief founders, and of which Leiden became the headquarters. During the twenty-eight years of unbroken domestic happiness and growing academic fame that followed, Kuennen composed the chief works upon which his European reputation rests.

His *Historico-Critical Inquiry*, an Introduction to the Old Testament, was published in 1861-65, and followed, with independence and originality, the lines of the then dominant school of Ewald. But the germs of another view were already present, and the studies of the next few years developed them. Colenso's examination of the narrative of the Exodus, in the first part of his *Pentateuch*, was seen by Kuennen to be big with critical results which the author himself only realised quite shortly before his death. Popper's remarkable monograph on the construction of the Tabernacle told in the same direction; and the last volume of Kuennen's Introduction had not been out many months when Graf's bold contention, that the Levitical legislation must be regarded as later than the Deuteronomic, leapt to meet Kuennen's growing conviction that the Prophetic Narratives of Genesis, Exodus, and Numbers were older than the so-called *Grundschrift*, Ewald's "Book of Origins."

Kuennen at once perceived that these conclusions involved a reversal of the current view of the development of the religion of Israel; and in 1869-70 he gave the world the first constructive treatment of this great theme in harmony with modern conceptions of historical and literary criticism, of psychological possibility and impossibility, and of the general laws of evolution.

The *Religion of Israel* is undoubtedly Kuennen's greatest work. Bold in its defiance of tradition, it is a model of caution, sobriety, and self-restraint in its method and its conclusions. Kuennen had a genius for seeing what was there, and not what he or others had expected to find; and he employed his brilliant powers of combination and his fertility in hypothesis under the severest sense of responsibility. It was these qualities that won the admiration of such a mind as Prof. Huxley's, which recognised in Kuennen's work the essential characteristics of scientific constructiveness. And the same qualities have taught European scholarship to recognise in the *Religion of Israel* one of the most solid and fruitful pieces of work of the last half century.

Kuennen's next considerable work was undertaken at the instance of Dr. Muir, the Sanscritist, and consisted in a study of Hebrew Prophecy, largely polemical in its scope, and intended specially to meet the arguments of English apologists who rest theological dogmas upon the fulfilment of prophecy. This work was published in 1875 in Holland and 1877 in England. Then came the Hibbert Lectures on National and Universal Religions, delivered and published in England in 1882.

The next year brought upon Kuennen a blow from which he never fully recovered. On March 24 he lost his wife. In the autumn of the same year he presided over the Oriental Congress that met at Leiden, not allowing his private grief to interfere with the discharge of his public duties; but the strain was very severe.

He was now engaged upon a complete recasting of his Introduction. The first chapter contained the minute exposition and justification of his views on the criticism of the Hexateuch, and was brought out by Messrs. Macmillan as an independent volume—*The*

Hexateuch—in 1886. It must long remain the authoritative work on the subject. Special attention should be called to the hypothesis provisionally advanced, that the First Code of Ex. xxii.-xxiii., which now appears in the chaos of the Sinaitic legislation, was originally put into the mouth of Moses as he stood in Moab before Israel crossed the Jordan. In this case it would have dictated the historical setting, as it certainly dictated the general scope and arrangement of Deuteronomy. The rest of the first volume and the second volume, dealing with the Prophetic literature, have appeared in Dutch. But the author's death has left the third and concluding volume incomplete. Kuennen was also engaged in superintending an Old Testament commentary and translation by Hooykaas, Oort, Kosters, Matthes and others, which is unfortunately far from finished.

Besides his great works, Kuennen wrote almost innumerable articles, papers, and reviews. Some of these were of great importance. I may instance the series of contributions to the criticism of the Hexateuch which appeared in the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, and which Dr. Robertson Smith has referred to as "perhaps the finest things that modern criticism has to show"; the paper on the composition of the Sanhedrim, which Wellhausen declared would have been epoch-making had it not been buried in archives, where no one read it; his study on the genealogy of the Nassoritic text of the ages of the Patriarchs, which, if there is such a thing as finality in criticism, has set the question with which it deals at rest; and his brilliant essay on "The Men of the Great Synagogue," which gives an earnest of the discoveries that await the trained critical intelligence which shall penetrate the tangled forest of Talmudic lore.

Besides history and criticism, Kuennen lectured, with extraordinary lucidity and force, although he did not write, on Ethics. Like other Dutch "Modems," he was a staunch determinist; and if anyone had undertaken so desperate an enterprise as to ruffle his more than human serenity of temper, the best chance of success would have lain in launching crude criticism or plying wilfully unintelligent questions averse to this point of philosophic faith. But the fact is that Kuennen's courtesy was so remarkable that it helped to establish a habit in Holland, by which the Dutch theologians of all schools contrast favourably with their brethren in other countries, and often show the world that it is possible to engage in the keenest controversies without descending to personalities or forgetting the amenities of life.

Kuennen visited England three times. Once in the sixties, when he met Colenso; once in the seventies, when he attended a meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association as a deputation from the Dutch Protestantenbond; and once in 1882, when he delivered the Hibbert Lectures in London and Oxford. He was a great admirer of England and the English, and the only occasion on which he seemed less than perfect in the eyes of some of his countrymen was during our war with the Boers. Kuennen felt strongly with the Boers, but he pleaded for a more charitable judgment of the English than the Dutch were inclined to regard as quite consistent with patriotism.

In addition to all this literary and academical work, Kuennen sat on ecclesiastical, academical, and other commissions, took active part in a hundred religious and literary movements, and was always at the service of anyone he could help.

His character inspired universal respect and admiration even among his bitterest theological opponents, and those who were privileged to know him think of him as the truest of friends and the most generous and

kindly of men. He died on December 10, after a severe illness of ten weeks; but his death was quite unexpected. He leaves seven children, most of whom have completed their education. His eldest son, who is a scientific man of great promise, recently received an appointment at Leiden.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE December *Livre Moderne* opens with a very few "more last words," and then proceeds to wrap itself decently in a very becoming shroud, embroidered with thirty-six designs of book-plates and a large and pretty lithograph, "La Lecture Romantique," by M. Robida. The texture or text consists of another paper on book-plates themselves, of an article on Mr. Henry Morley's "English Writers," with some more of M. Drujon on "Ridicule Literaria." So sinks M. Uzanne in the ocean bed, to flame with new spangled ore in *L'Art et l'Idée* on the twentieth of January next without fail. Good luck to his flaming.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BESCHREIBUNG der antiken Skulpturen in den königl. Museen zu Berlin, m. Ausschluss der pergamen. Fundstücke. Berlin: Spemann. 25 M.
BOEHTLINGK, O. F. Max Müller als Mythendichter. Leipzig: Voss. 1 M.
CURTIUS, E. Die Tempelgiebel v. Olympin. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M.
DALAH, Mag. Un Hiver en Orient. Paris: Delagrave. 10 fr.
DARGENTY, G. Antoine Watteau. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 6 fr.
HUNGER, E. Der Cidstreit in chronologischer Ordnung. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
JAIME, G. De Koulikoro à Tombouctou sur la canonnière "Le Mage," Paris: Dentu. 8 fr.
LEFORT, P. Murillo et ses élèves. Paris: Bouam. 6 fr.
MASNER, K. Die Sammlung antiker Vasen u. Terracotten im k.k. österreich. Museum f. Kunst u. Industrie. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 20 M.
ROBERT, C. Scènes der Ilias u. Aithiops auf e. Vase der Sammlung d. Grafen Mich. Tykiewicz. Halle: Niemeyer. 10 M.
VOGEL, J. Das städtische Museum zu Leipzig von seinen Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart. Leipzig: Seemann. 21 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- SCHMID, O. Ueb. verschiedene Eintheilungen der heil. Schrift, insbesondere üb. die Capitel-Eintheilung. Stephan Langtonis im 13. Jahrh. Graz: Leuschnner. 5 M.
WINCKLER, H. Keilinschrifliches Textbuch zum Alten Testamente. 1. Lfg. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 2 M.

HISTORY.

- ACTA Austriae inferioria. I Bd. Codex Canonorum S. Ypoliti. 1. Tl. 976—1367. Wien: Seidel. 16 M.
EBELING, A. Napoleon III. u. sein Hof. I. Bd. Höhn: Ahn. 6 M.
FLERS, le Marquis de. Le Roi Louis-Philippe: vie anecdotique (1773—1850). Paris: Dentu. 10 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ENGELHARDT, H. Ueb. die Flora der üb. den Braunkohlen befindlichen Tertiär-schichten v. Dux. Leipzig: Engelm. 14 M.
LIETZ, H. Die Probleme im Begriff der Gesellschaft bei Auguste Comte im Gesamtzusammenhang seines Systems. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 80 Pf.
SCHNEKKEL, A. Die Philosophie der mittleren Stoa, in ihrem geschichtl. Zusammenhange dargestellt. Berlin: Weidmann. 14 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- TRAITS mystiques d'Abou Ali al-Hosain b. Abdallah. 2^e Fasc. Leiden: Brill. 5 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHARTER FOR A LONDON TEACHING UNIVERSITY.

King's College, London: Dec. 21, 1891.

To those who, like myself, supposed that the battle of the Teaching University had been fought and won, Prof. Karl Pearson's attitude is rather a rude surprise. He appears on the scene after the battle, executing a war-dance on his own account (if I may so describe his communication in last week's ACADEMY). So

far as I can follow this somewhat wild and vague performance, the particular object of Prof. Pearson's hostility is King's College, and if I understand him rightly, that anachronous institution is to be rejected as dross, while University College and some other (anonymous) bodies are to be fused "as in a melting-pot" into the facsimile of a German University.

This sublimely cool proposal, at the eleventh (perhaps I ought to say the thirteenth) hour, to exclude (and consequently extirpate) King's College is drastic enough to satisfy that heroic educational reformer, the Emperor William; and, indeed, Prof. Pearson's programme generally appears to me to carry with it the tremendous postulate of a German invasion and annexation of England. For, short of that, it is quite incredible that our Legislature, in the teeth of the Privy Council, will take leave of English common sense and, instead of allowing the university to grow and develop itself from the solid nucleus of the two London colleges and the medical schools, endeavour to manufacture it mechanically "in the melting-pot" on an alien model.

However, I am only concerned with one feature of this University of Weissnichtwo. The gateway of that ideal institution is to be ornamented, it seems, with our scalps, as a warning and a lesson to the Church of England; and within the university museum—in its chamber of ecclesiastical horrors—will be exhibited a particularly terrific instrument which Prof. Pearson fancies he has inspected in our college, to wit, a "test" so "stringent," he says, as to be utterly impossible in any modern university.

Well, as the proverbial philosopher in "Miss Decima" says,

"A little truth, however small,
Is better than no truth at all."

The very small ingredient of fact in this description is that we professors of King's College have subscribed ourselves "members of the Church of England"! This does, of course, exclude Nonconformists as such, but that is all. Whether this restriction should be continued is an open question; and Prof. Pearson has a perfect right to demand, if he pleases, that King's College shall, on that ground, be wiped out of the charter, provided his argument is founded simply and solely on the denominational character of the college, which the declaration in question is merely intended to preserve.

As for that argument, Prof. Pearson will be aware, if he has read Sir George Young's authoritative letter on the subject, that it was in deference to the Nonconformists themselves, and at the instance of Mr. Miall, that new foundations on a denominational basis were permitted at Oxford and Cambridge.

But as Prof. Pearson appears to found a further argument on the actual "test" in force, I must be allowed to say that his infuriated utterance conveys an absurdly wrong impression of the formula just mentioned. It is not a "test" at all, in the sense which the term bore at the old universities previous to the reform of 1871.

For my own part, I should decline now, as I did then, to accept any such test as the so-called "Protestant Declaration" which was enforced at my own college (Trinity), or to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, because I hold that a Protestant layman has a right which he ought not to forego (above all if he is a teacher) to absolute liberty of conscience, that is, intellectual independence in the matter of religion.

G. C. W. WARR.

National Liberal Club: Dec. 21, 1891.

All those who wish the new Teaching University of London to be really worthy of its opportunities will be glad to know that all the

professors of the two colleges are not content with the narrow scheme which has been promulgated in their behalf, and they will thank Prof. Pearson for the clearness and vigour with which he has brought out the grave deficiencies of the proposed "Strand and Gower-street University." Many of them will also hope much from his courageous attempt to lift the whole matter on to a higher level, and will be ready to join hands with him in hastening to its practical accomplishment the noble ideal of a teaching university for London which he has set forth.

At the same time, it seems unfortunate that Prof. Pearson should be so evidently either afraid, or scornful, of the democratic elements in our higher education, and that he should have been unable, or unwilling, to make his ideal university comprehensive enough or broad enough to include those elements—elements the importance of which will tend rather to increase than to diminish. If in good truth this incompatibility were inevitable, then in one essential particular a teaching university in London such as Prof. Pearson has sketched would be as open to criticism as the "pettifogging" scheme which Dr. Wade and Sir George Young hope to be able to impose upon us. But Prof. Pearson's apparent assumption—that the university ideal which he lays down and that which is in the minds of those "extension enthusiasts" who have a strong belief in its future are opposed and contradictory—is, I contend, quite unfounded. The two may rather be looked upon as different aspects of the same ideal. While, on the one side, the ideal teaching university of London should be freed from collegiate restrictions, and should be great enough to provide the highest teaching and to retain the best teachers; on the other side, it should, as the "extension enthusiasts" contend, be wide enough and broad enough to enable all classes of the inhabitants of London to attend such lectures. Nor need there be any difficulty in continuing a high standard of academic instruction with a frank acceptance of the democratic conditions which are necessary in a democratic age. Of these conditions the necessity of providing evening instruction is imperative; and indeed there seems to be no reason but custom why university professors should invariably lecture in the day time. Prof. Pearson's vision of a gigantic night school with its peripatetic teachers, however much it may be open to academic sarcasm, need not imply an inferiority of academic teaching, and is—until some ideal readjustment of the hours of labour, until some better method be discovered—the only means of opening the doors of academic instruction to that class of students, which must always be a large one in London, who have to carry on their higher education *pari passu* with the earning of their daily bread. This is indeed the only way that I can see of educating academically our democracy; and it seems rather putting the cart before the horse to expect, as Prof. Pearson puts it, the democracy first to educate its educators and then to educate itself.

The active workers in the Extension movement are as determined as Prof. Pearson to countenance no depreciation—the standard of degrees is low enough, in all conscience, already—and they cannot admit his charge that they "have lost all sense of its true limits and all real appreciation of academic instruction." It is, on the contrary, because they are so entirely possessed by the value of a high standard of university teaching that they wish it to be brought as close as possible to those classes who at present are debarred from it; and it is because they are so entirely conscious of the present shortcomings and deficiencies of the University Extension move-

ment, unsupported as it now is by academic recognition, that they are anxious to see its scope widened, and its work consolidated, by that control and that guidance which only a real teaching university can provide. And the nearer the new Teaching University of London approaches Prof. Pearson's ideal, the stronger will be their determination to share in its privileges; and in spite of Prof. Pearson's scorn they are still inclined to think that a worse danger might befall the new university than the admission of the University Extension movement to some voice in the direction of its policy, some share in the adaptation of its resources to the educational advancement of our democracy.

J. SPENCER HILL, Hon. Treasurer
Chelsea University Extension Centre.

THE AUTHOR OF CHAUCER'S "BOOK CLEPED VALERIE."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk.

CHAUCER twice makes mention of "Valerie," both times in connexion with the subject of women and the undesirability of marriage. The first reference is in the "Wif of Bathes Prologue," where we are told that the "joly clerk Jankyn"

"had a book, that gladly night and day
For his despote he wold rede alway;
He clepyd it Valere and Theofrast,
At whiche book he lough alway ful fast.

* * * *
And every night and day was his custume
Whan he hadde leysir and vacacion,
From other worldly occupacion,
To reden in this book of wikked wyves."
(vv. 669 ff.)

The other is in the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women," where the God of Love, speaking of books against women, asks:

"What seith Valerie, Titus, or Claudian?" (v. 280.)

Chaucer probably got his knowledge of this "Valerius" at secondhand from the *Roman de la Rose*, in which the latter is frequently mentioned (cf. vv. 9440, 9470, 9478, 10168). From Jean de Meun's description of him as:

"Valerius, qui se doloit
De ce que Rufins se voloit
Marier, qui ses compaines iere,"

we are enabled to identify him with the writer of the *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum de uxore non duenda*. But who was the author of this *Epistola*? Francisque-Michel boldly states that it was Valerius Maximus, an obviously impossible attribution, as the work is evidently of a much later date. In the Abbé Migne's *Patrologie Latine* the epistle is printed among the works of Saint Jerome, to whom it was attributed probably on account of its similarity to another work of his, *Adversus Jovinianum* (see below). Neither Tyrwhitt, Sandras (*Etude sur Chaucer*, p. 189), nor Skeat (*Legend of Good Women*, p. 140) gives any conjecture as to who the author was; and M. Langlois, in his exhaustive work *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose* (Paris, 1891), confesses himself equally at fault. "Jean de Meun," he remarks,

"Un emprunté plusieurs de ses traits satiriques contre les femmes à un certain Valerius, dont il cite plusieurs fois le nom. Qui était ce personnage? On n'a aucun renseignement sur son compte" (p. 140).

In the preface to his edition of the *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes* (London, 1841), Wright says:

"The only prose writings now known, which go under the name of Walter Mapes, are a treatise entitled *De Nugis Curialium*, and a tract entitled *Valerius ad Rufinum* (sic) *de non duenda Uxore*."

In a discussion as to the origin of *Histoire LV.* in *Le Violier des Histoires Romaines*

(Paris, 1858), M. G. Brunet mentions that a similar story is given by John Bromyard (end of the fourteenth century) in his *Summa Predicantium*, and he adds:

"Bromyard allègue l'autorité de Valère, voulant sans doute indiquer ainsi, non Valère-Maxime, mais l'ouvrage qu'un auteur anglois du XIII^e (sic) siècle, Walter Mapes (sic), écrit, sous le nom de Valère, sur les inconvenients du mariage (*Valerius ad Rufinum, de non duienda uxore*)."

Both Wright and Brunet, then, were of opinion that the so-called "Valerius" was identical with Walter Map. This opinion was well founded, for we have it on the unimpeachable authority of no less a personage than Walter Map himself that he was the author of the work in question. M. Gaston Paris, in a brief notice of an essay of Pio Rajna on Andrea Fieschi's *De Dissuasione Uxoriationis* (which is an imitation of the *Epistola ad Rufinum*), refers to a passage in the *De Nugis Curialium* (Wright's edition, p. 142), in which Map expressly states that the *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum* was his own composition (see *Romania* xix. p. 624).

Map gives the text of his letter, and prefaches it with an account of the circumstances under which it was written. Having found that a certain friend of his had suddenly become gloomy and unsociable, he inquires the cause, and discovers that Dame Venus is at the bottom of it all. He hopes that it may prove to be only a passing fancy, but is soon given to understand that his friend in no wise regards the matter as a joke, but is seriously bent upon matrimony. After remonstrating with him in vain in person and by proxy, Map makes up his mind to write to him, which he does, assuming himself the name of Valerius, and addressing his friend, who is red-haired (*rufus*), under that of Rufinus:

"Incidentarium habui, virum vitae philosophicae, quem post longa tempora multasque visitationes annotavi semel habitu, gestu, vultuque mutatum, suspiciosum, pallidum, laetus tamen cultum, loquenter, parcius et gravior, insolita simulata superbum; pristina perierat faceta, morosaque jocunditas; aegrum se dicebat, et male sanus erat. Solitum vidi, meaque, quantum reverentia mei sinebat, declinante alloquia. Veneris arreptitum vidi. Quicquid enim videbatur, totum erat proci, nihil philosophi. Spes tamen erat, ut post lapsum resurgeret. Ignoscet quod ignorabam; lumen putabam, et erat saevum serum. Uxorari tendebat, non amari; Mars nobilat fieri, sed Mulciber. Tamen mihi mens excidit, et quia mori pergebat, commorierbar ei. Locutus sum et repulsus. Misericordia loquerentur, et ut noluit eos audire, dixi: 'Fera pessima devoravit unicum* meum, et ut omnes amicitiae vices implerem, epistolam ei scripam, mutata nominibus nostris, me qui Walterus sum Valerium vocans, ipsum, qui Johanne est et rufus, Rufinum. Praetulit autem epistolam sic: *Dissuasio Valerii ad Rufinum philosophum ne uxorem ducat.*'"

After transcribing the letter, Map mentions the fact that it had attained immense popularity, but complains that he was not allowed the credit of having written it. From which it appears that even in Map's own day there were doubts as to its authorship.

"The fact is," he says, "that if I had written it under my own name no one would have taken any notice of it, for nothing that is modern can possibly be allowed to have any merit. Antiquity will always be preferred to new gold. I wrote it, therefore, under an assumed name, in order to give it the appearance of antiquity. Hence it has come about that, because I happen to be in the land of the living (a misfortune, of course, which I might remedy if I had a mind to), and because the letter happens to be considered a meritorious composition, the idea that I can have written it is scouted as ridiculous. Doubtless years hence, when I am rotting in my grave, justice will be done in this matter."

*Sic; probably *amicum* should be read.

"Scimus hanc placuisse multis, avide rapitur. transcribitur intente, plena jocunditate legitur. Meam tamen esse quidam, sed de plebe, negant. Epistolae enim invident, decorum suum ei violenter auferunt et auctorem. Hoc solum deliqi, quod vivo. Verumtamen hoc morte mea corrigerem consuum non habeo. Nomina nostra nominibus mortuorum in titulo mutavi. Sciebam enim hoc placere. Sim autem, abiecissent illam, ut me. Volens igitur huic insulsa provide paginulae, ne mittatur in coenum a fago (?), latere mecum eam habebo. Scio quid fiet post me. Cum enim puterem, tum primo sal accipiet, totusque sibi supplebit decessu meo defectus, et in remotissima posteritate mibi faciet auctoritatem antiquitatis, quia tum, ut nunc, vetustum cuprum praefertur auro novo. . . . Omnibus seculis sua dispergit modernitas, et quaevae aetas a prima praeteritam sibi praeluit; unde quia non potuerunt epistolam meam mea spreverunt tempora."

It must be confessed that posterity has been very tardy in the performance of this particular act of justice. M. Paris remarks upon the singular destiny that has attended Walter Map in his literary capacity. After having enjoyed a brilliant reputation as a wit during the twelfth century, and having been credited with the composition of all sorts of works in French and Latin in which he had no hand whatever, he has been persistently denied the credit of the opuscule of which he was so proud, while his well-authenticated work (the *De Nugis Curialium*) is preserved in only one MS., and is almost unknown.

It may be noted that Wright prints a Latin poem, *De Conjuge non Ducenda*, among those attributed to Map, with French (beginning of fourteenth century) and English (fifteenth century) translations of the same.

In the passage quoted above from the "Wif of Bathes Prologue" Chaucer couples the name of "Valerius" with that of "Theofrast," whom he mentions several times again in the "Marchaundes Tale" as one of the "clerkes" who deny that "To take a wif is a glorious thing":—

"Ne take no wif, quod he, for housbondry,
As far to spare in household thy dispense;
A trewe seruaunt doth more diligence
Thy good to kepe, than thin oughe wif,
For sche wol clayme half part in al her life.
And if that thou be seek, so God me save,
Thyne verray frendes or a trewe knave
Wol kepe therat sche that wayth ay
After thy good, and hath doon many a day.
* * * * *

This entent, and an hundred sithe wors,
Writhit this man, ther God his bones curs.
But take no keep of al such vanité;
Defy Theofrast, and herke me." (vv. 52 ff.)

Chaucer's authority here again was probably Jean de Meun, who tells us the name of the book he made use of, or rather pretended to make use of; for as a matter of fact, the book itself is lost. All that now remains is a single short passage, which Saint Jerome has preserved, in a Latin version, in his *Adversus Jovinianum*, and which John of Salisbury has reproduced in the *Polycratius*, whence Jean de Meun derived his knowledge of it. The latter would have us believe, however, that he had read the work itself:

"Ha! se Theofrast crœusse
Ja fame espoosée n'ëusse;
Il ne tient pas home por sage
Qui fame prent par mariage,

* Wright in his *Latin Poems of Walter Mapes* (p. ix.) says there are two MSS. of the *De Nugis* at Oxford, one in the Bodleian, and another in the Merton College library. In the Preface to his edition of the *De Nugis* he corrects this statement and says: "The work now first published is unfortunately preserved in only one MS. (in the Bodleian, MS. Bodley, No. 831), and that is an incorrect one." Of the *Epistola Valerii* numerous MSS. exist; a fact which bears out Map's statement as to its popularity.

Soit bele, ou lede, ou povre, ou riche :
Car il dit, et por voir l'affiche,
En son noble livre *Aureole*,
Qui bien fait à lire en escole,
Qu'il i a vie trop grevaine,
Plaine de travail et de paine, &c."
(vv. 9310 ff.)

We learn from John of Salisbury, in fact, that Saint Jerome calls the work *Aureolus liber de Nuptiis*:

"Fertus authore Hieronimo, aureolus Theophrasti liber de Nuptiis, in quo quaerit an vir sapiens ducat uxorem"—the decision being: "Non est uxor ducenda sapienti."

The name of the work occurs again in the *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum*, which ends with the advice: "Lege Aureolum Theophrasti et Medeam Nasonis," et vix pauca invenies mulieri impossibilia." It is probably owing, therefore, to "Valerius," i.e., Walter Map, that Jean de Meun (see Langlois: *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose*, p. 141), and consequently Chaucer, became acquainted with the *Aureolus* of Theophrastus. Map, in his turn, was most likely indebted for his knowledge of the *Aureolus* to the *Polycraticus* (written between 1156 and 1159) with which he was certainly familiar; for he borrowed from it the title of his own book *De Nugis Curialium*, the full title of John of Salisbury's treatise being *Polycraticus de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum*.

Chaucer himself doubtless was as completely in the dark as his commentators have been as to the authorship of the "book cleded Valerie," and suspected as little as they that it was the work of a distinguished countryman of his own. Nor was Jean de Meun any better informed, for he ends a quotation from "Valerius" with the words: "Ainsinc le dient li païen," thus conclusively showing that he took him to be a pagan writer.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

P.S.—Since the above was written I have come across an interesting passage in Richard de Bury's *Philobiblion*, in which, curiously enough, I again find Theophrastus and Valerius coupled together as they are in the passage I have quoted from the "Wif of Bathes Prologue." M. Cocheris, in a note to his translation of the passage in the *Philobiblion*, refers, as a matter of course, to the *Charactères* of Theophrastus, and to the *De Dicibus Factisque Memorabilibus* of Valerius Maximus. There is not a doubt, however, that the reference here again is to the *Aureolus* of Theophrastus, and to the *Epistola Valerii*. Richard de Bury formulates a Complaint of his Books against their various enemies. Their most implacable foe, they say, is that two-footed brute, woman ("bestia bipedalis, scilicet mulier"). After recounting the various injuries they have received from her, they confess that her hostility towards them would be justified if she knew their inmost thoughts, and could read, say, the book of Theophrastus or that of Valerius, or could hear read the twenty-fifth chapter of *Ecclesiasticus*:

"Ista bestia nostris studiis semper aemula, nullo die placanda, finaliter nos conspectos in angulo jam defunctae araneae sola tela protectos, in rugam fronte collecta, virulentis sermonibus detrahit et subsannat. . . . Et quidem merito, si videret intrinsecus cordis nostri; si nostris privatis interfuisset consiliis: si Theophrasti vel Valerii perlegisset volumen, vel saltem Ecclesiastici 25 capitulum auribus intellectus audisset." (*Philobiblion*, cap. iv.)

In the chapter of *Ecclesiasticus* referred to we read (v. 13), "Give me any wickedness, but the wickedness of woman;" (v. 16), "I had rather dwell with a lion and a dragon, than to keep house with a wicked woman"; (v. 19), "All

wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman." I have already pointed out that both the *Aureolus* of Theophrastus and the *Epistola Valerii* contain similar diatribes against women.

Richard de Bury probably got his knowledge of the *Aureolus* from John of Salisbury's *Polycraticus*, which he mentions more than once in the *Philobiblion*; unless, indeed, he too derived it at secondhand from the *Epistola Valerii*. With the latter he was certainly acquainted, for we happen to know that he possessed a copy of it. In return for certain services rendered by him to the Abbey of Saint Albans, when Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Abbot presented him with a number of MSS. from the library of the Abbey, among which were *Terentius*, *Virgilius*, *Quintilianus*, and *Sanctus Hieronymus contra Rufinum*. This last, as I have shown above, is none other than Walter Map's *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum*, which was commonly attributed to Saint Jerome.

I may add that, in the Prologue to his *Quinze Joyes de Mariage*, Antoine de la Sale, comparing married men to fish caught in a net, which, struggle as they may, can never get free again, remarks:

"Pour ce dist ung docteur appellé Valere à ung ami qui s'estoit marié, et qui lui demandoit s'il avoit bien fait, et le docteur lui respondt en ceste manière: 'Ami, dit-il, n'avés-vous peu trouver une haulte fenestre, pour vous laisser trébucher en une grosse riviére, pour vous mectre dedens la teste la première?'"

La Sale's "docteur Valere" is doubtless the Valerius of Walter Map's *Epistola ad Rufinum*. The passage cited, however, does not anywhere appear in the *Epistola*. It seems to be a vague recollection of the lines in the Sixth Satire of Juvenal:

"Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam,
Quum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,
Quum tibi vicinum se praebeat aemilius pons?"

Like many another medieval writer, La Sale no doubt quoted from memory, without troubling to verify his references.

P.P.S.—It appears that I have done Tyrwhitt an injustice in saying that he gives no conjecture as to the authorship of the *Epistola Valerii*. Prof. Skeat informs me that in the Introductory Discourse to the "Canterbury Tales" (note 19) Tyrwhitt states with regard to the *Epistola*:

"Tanner (from Wood's MS. Coll.) attributes it to Walter Map; v. Bib. Brit. sv. *Map*."

From the fact that this attribution has so long remained unverified, it would appear to have been regarded as a somewhat hazardous conjecture.

P. T.

A PASSAGE IN THE OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLE.

Oxford: Dec. 9, 1891.

In the entry for the year 1086, the Peterborough Chronicle (MS. Laud, 636, fol. 64^b) has the following sentence: "And he hefde eorldom on Englelande, and bonne se cyng on Normandige, bonne wæs he mægest on þisum lande." (Over the *t* of *mægest* is the ordinary sign of contraction used in the MS., consisting of a short horizontal line.)

All the editors of the Chronicle have found a difficulty in the word *mægest*, which most of them (Gibson, Ingram, and Thorpe) print *mægester*, regarding it as a superlative. Gibson (in his translation) renders *mægester* by "primus;" Ingram translates it "the mightiest man;" Thorpe and Stevenson (the latter in his translation of the Chronicle in the *Church Historians of England*, 1853) "the most powerful man;" Earle prints *mægester*, rendering it in his glos-

sarial index, p. 425, by "mightiest, most powerful."

In reality, the sentence presents no difficulty at all, nor is there the slightest necessity for coining a word merely to suit this passage, for no such superlative as *mægester* occurs in Old English. A most simple and obvious explanation at once suggests itself (and has probably suggested itself to many students of Old English), which at once makes the passage perfectly clear and intelligible. All that is necessary is to expand *mægest* into *mægester* (the common Old English loan word from Latin *magister*), and to translate: "then was he master in this land." That the sign of contraction in O.E. MSS. can stand for *er* is perfectly well known to all students of Old English; *after* is, for instance, very commonly written *aft*, and, indeed, an instance of this very word so written occurs on the very same page of the Laud MS. as our passage. It is true that the form *mægester* is not so common as *magister*, which retains the Latin spelling, but plenty of instances may be found: cf. Exodus i. 11, *Witudlice he sette him weorca mægistras = Præposuit itaque eis magistros operum.*

ARTHUR S. NAPIER.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "DISMAL."

Cambridge: Dec. 9, 1891.

As a not altogether irrelevant contribution to the controversy on the derivation of "dismal," I send you the following literal translation of an Icelandic record lately published in the *Diplomatarium Islandicum* (III. i., p. 183-4). The oldest vellum it occurs in (A. M. 350 Fol.) dates, according to Dr. Kålund's excellent Catalogue of the Arna-Magnæan Collections at Copenhagen, from *circa* 1363. Dr. J. Thorleiksson, the editor of the *Diplomatarium*, is inclined to think the vellum may even be older.

"Here is a statement concerning *dismali daga* [acc.]. There are two such days in every month as in calendric language* are called *dies mali*, being interpreted evil days; in each one of them there is one hour during which all cures by which people hope for their health are of no avail, unless God will heal (them) through miracles.

The first of them is the viij day of Yule, the ninth hour. (Jan. 1.)

The second is Paul's Mass and the vjth hour. (Jan. 25.)

In February it is the next day after Blasius' Mass and the viijth hour. (Feb. 3.)

The second ij nights before Peter's Mass, and the xth hour. (Feb. 20.)

In March the first day, and the first hour. (Mar. 1.)

The second v nights after Mary's Mass, and the second hour. (Mar. 30.)

In April vj nights after Ambrosius' Mass, and the first hour. (Ap. 10.)

The second ij nights before the Mass of John the bishop of Holar, and the xith hour. (Ap. 20.)

In May the Cross Mass, and the vjth hour. (May 3.)

The second Urbanus' Mass, and the xth hour. (May 25.)

In June in *festo* Medardii and Gilldardi, and the sixth hour. (June 8.)

The second one night before Botolf's Mass, and the iiiijth hour. (June 16.)

In July ij. nights after the Translation of Benedict, and the xijth hour. (July 13.)

The second in *festo* Marie Magdalene, and the xith hour. (July 22.)

In August the first, and the first hour. (Aug. 1.)

The second in *festo* Felicis, and the vjth hour (Aug. 30.)

In September ij nights after Egidius' Mass, and the third hour. (Sep. 3.)

The second in *festo* Mathei apostoli and evangeliste, and the iiiijth hour. (Sep. 21.)

In October one night before *festum* Francisci, and the xth hour (Oct. 3.)

* I translate *bók-mál* by "calendric language."

* Wright reads *Jasonis*.

The second *in festo* Seruini (i.e., Severini), and the sixth hour. (Oct. 23.)

In November one night before Leonardus' Mass and the viijth hour. (Nov. 5.)

The second ij nights before Andreas' Mass, and the vth hour. (Nov. 28.)

In December ij nights after Nicholas' Mass, and the sixth hour. (Dec. 8.)

The second one night before Thorlak's Mass, and the viith hour (Dec. 22.)

The form "dismala" makes it clear, it seems to me, that the source of this piece must have been English. That, if I remember rightly, was also Prof. Skeat's opinion when, some time ago, I called his attention to it. At any rate, the author of the original had the feeling that "dismal" = *dies malus* or *dies mali*; and such a feeling in so early and circumstantial a document goes for much.

EIRÍKR MAGNÚSSON.

"THE LADY OR THE SALMON."

Kentchurch Rectory, Hereford : Dec. 21, 1891.

Would that I had as fascinating a legend on this subject and could dress it up as attractively as Mr. Andrew Lang's story. The very prosaic anecdote which occurred to me as being the germ of the fisherman's story of the "Lady or the Salmon," may be found in *An Angler's Rambles*, by Ed. Jesse (Van Voorst, 1836), p. 4.

"There appears, indeed, to be a fascination in gudgeon fishing, which it is not easy to account for; and it is mentioned as a fact that the clergyman of a parish in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, who was engaged to be married to the daughter of a Bishop, enjoyed his gudgeon fishing so much that he arrived too late to be married, and the lady, offended at his neglect, refused to be united to one who appeared to prefer his rod to herself."

I think that the story in some other book is localised at Thames Ditton, and the Bishop becomes the Bishop of London. It is only another instance of a literary coincidence; and readers who may wish to see the growth of the myth should look for it in *Angling Sketches* in full bloom under the "soft moonlight," and dressed in the "orange blossoms" so daintily induced by the art of Mr. Lang.

M. G. WATKINS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 28, 4 p.m. London Institution: "Time," I., by Prof. C. V. Boys.

TUESDAY, Dec. 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Life in Motion: or, the Animal Machine," I., by Prof. J. G. McKendrick.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 30, 4 p.m. London Institution: "Time," II., by Prof. C. V. Boys.

THURSDAY, Dec. 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Life in Motion: or, the Animal Machine," II., by Prof. J. G. McKendrick.

FRIDAY, Jan. 1, 2 p.m. London Institution: "Time," III., by Prof. C. V. Boys.

SATURDAY, Jan. 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Life in Motion: or, the Animal Machine," III., by Prof. J. G. McKendrick.

SCIENCE.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, with the assistance of many men of science. Part VI. Clo-Consigner. (Oxford : Clarendon Press.)

If rightly handled, the material contained in this one Part of the Oxford Dictionary would serve as a series of texts for a whole term's university lectures. The reviewer is therefore hampered, not by the paucity, but by the abundance of matter, unless indeed he wishes to content himself with

giving a mere *rechauffé* of the editor's Introduction and Prefaces.

There are so many aspects to this work that we must fain restrict ourselves to some of them, and rest content with mentioning *pro memoria* only that what the editor calls "identification"—comprising the main form of a word, its pronunciation and accent, the grammatical designation, principal spellings, inflexions, &c.—and the morphology or form-history—including of course its etymology—seem to have been duly considered in every case where there was occasion to do so.

The first question any one is likely to ask with reference to a work of this kind is whether it is complete. It is very difficult to give a categorical answer; and we should prefer to say that the answer depends upon who and what the querist is. Does he wish his lexicographer to act upon the "all-is-fish-that-comes-to-net" principle? It will be allowed on all hands that an essentially scientific work can never adopt that plan. Where must the compiler stop? Dr. Murray rightly speaks of the English vocabulary as presenting the

"aspect of one of these nebulous masses familiar to the astronomer, in which a clear and unmistakable nucleus shades off on all sides, through zones of decreasing brightness, to a dim marginal film that seems to end nowhere, but to lose itself imperceptibly in the surrounding darkness."

The difficulty of "where to draw the line" is met by establishing this criterion, that the work is to include "all the common words of literature and conversation, and such of the scientific, technical, slang, dialectal, and foreign words as are passing into common use," &c. Only a man of wide personal knowledge will be able to decide in dubious cases whether a word is common or not; but the standard, if applied with the necessary latitude, seems the only practicable one, however difficult its application may be. If here, too, to err is perhaps inevitable, we must state at the outset that, as a rule, the author would seem to us to have erred on the right side—namely, that *in dubiis* he has not abstained from including the word. For the older periods no such criterion of course exists.

We fancy that of works that are finished, the Encyclopaedic Dictionary is the one containing the largest vocabulary. It may be interesting, then, to give the following statistics gathered from one page of that work taken at random. Encyclopaedic Dictionary, vol. ii., p. 382, has been compared with the corresponding portion in Dr. Murray's work on p. 744 of the Part before us. The result is that, whereas four forms given in the Encyclopaedic Dictionary are not in the Oxford Dictionary [*comprimit*, *comprivate*, *compsognatha* (does it deserve a special heading by the side of *compsognathus?*) *compt-book* (no reference)], no less than fifteen forms are given in Dr. Murray's work of which no trace is found in the other. Similar comparisons might be instituted with regard to the Imperial, the New Webster, and the Century Dictionary. If the results of such comparisons be found to redound to the honour of the work under review, this must not be taken to reflect

on the other editors. The fact is that the trite phrase, "a truly national work," is applicable here in its full force. Imposing is the list of the collaborators; and if many foreigners are found among them, such as Sievers and Paul Meyer, the great burden of sub-editing and "reading" has been undertaken by members of the great English-speaking community. Our readers are aware that from time to time Dr. Murray issues lists of desiderata, with a view to discovering earlier or later quotations than those already existing among his collections. List VII., dated October, 1889, now lies before us, and we get an interesting glimpse into the Oxford workshop, if we look up the corresponding portion of the Dictionary itself and compare the result. The first page of that list has 127 entries. In only forty-two cases was no additional information supplied; in eight cases, the item as in the list is not found in the Dictionary—e.g., *coactly*, for which a 1581-reference seemed at one time to claim a place; and in all the other cases (a majority of 77 to 50) new light has been thrown on the problem presented.

Before laying before the reader some notes on the vocabulary of this Part, we wish to say a word as to the spirit in which we offer them. We cannot help anticipating a construction which might be put upon our words—viz., that the critic picks out some defects "as if to insinuate that he could do the work so much better himself" (ACADEMY, No. 1008, p. 168). Even while remembering the words which accompany the incriminated passage—to the effect that the fault-finding critic almost invariably could not, and, as a matter of fact, does not, do it better—we cannot but dissent from this proposition; and we feel, moreover, convinced that its respected author cannot harbour such pessimistic thoughts about his brother-critics. We offer our notes—however little they come to—in the supposition that some of them may perhaps be useful to users or intending users of the work in question, and especially to give palpable proof of the interest which the work has excited. As this selection is intended to be representative, the words discussed may serve to point to the character of the Dictionary:

Close, adj. 9. An interesting illustration of this adj., "not open to public access or competition," is found in "close-fellowships." This might have been given, especially as the work is written for foreigners as well as for Englishmen. Illustrations may be found in Hoppe.

Close-quarters. The same authority quotes an important weakened use of this word: "We are in rather close quarters here." The writer—Trollope—has evidently lost sight of its original application in naval matters, and has come under the influence of the sense of the separate words.

Cloth—table-cloth (2); in a metaphorical sense—what is unessential to the dinner-party; the food itself being the essential part: "it takes 930 pages . . . Half that number would have been ample for what story there is to tell. . . . In presenting us with 'more cloth than dinner'—to use a well-known Northern phrase . . . etc." (ACADEMY, September 3, 1887, p. 148). In the teeth of the warning phrase about dialect, we do not insist that it should have been included. But to many readers it would have been useful if it had been.

Coach, sub. 1, b. "Slow coach" is given, but no reference is found. Hoppe (in his Preface) incidentally quotes: "Our present one [girl] is an awful slow coach" from Ramsay's *Reminiscences of Scottish Life*.

Coal, sub. 1. References to 897 and 1240 are given. Hence one to 1000 might come in useful. It is found sub. 10.

Cock-and-bull. Not given as a compound sub. unless attributively used. Hence the following may be of interest: "it is of course a 'cock-and-bull' as old as the hills, but the baron took it quite seriously." (ACADEMY, September 24, 1887, p. 197.)

Cocker. The famous mathematician's name is not deemed worthy of a place. Now, when Lord Byron (*Don Juan*, 16, 98) speaks of "Cocker's rigours," by dispensing with which "Exchequer Chancellors grow quite figurative with their figures," it is perhaps doubtful whether the word should be included. But when "Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire," tells of

"Privy-purse Humez, who sconed in his room is,
And Cocker in hand in his leatherbacked chair
Is puzzling . . ." etc. (Auto-da-Fé.)

then there can hardly be any doubt. The word is no longer a proper name, but an appellative; and although as such it may perhaps not be passing into common use, the phrase, "according to Cocker," is perhaps common enough to substantiate the claim to admission.

Cockpit. When we meet with the definite article before this word there is a presumption that the theatre of that name is meant, which is said to have been built in 1616 (*Fleay's Chron. History*, p. 253). What are we to think of the following quotation from Ben Jonson's "Epicoene":

"Who will wait on us to coach them? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hand all the play-time, and draw their weapons for fair honour?" (iv. 2 ed. Cunningham I., p. 440 a; see *ib.*, p. 440b, where the Cockpit is mentioned amid bear beating, and other public places).

We are, unfortunately, not in a position to judge on what basis Mr. Fleay's date rests. If it is not absolutely certain, our quotation would go far to score a point for the hypothesis that the Cockpit should be earlier. If not the theatre, it must mean the *pil* in one. So in any case we have an earlier quotation than the one given.

Colle is not given as an interjection. Yet a writer of authority, not very long ago, included it as such in a M. English Glossary; * and Mr. Henry Bradley—see his *Strattmann*—is not certain whether it is an adj. "cunning," or a nickname, or a proper name (in "Thensaugh J. Colle tregetour," Chaucer's "House of Fame.") We think there can be no doubt that it is a proper name, not only in Chaucer, but also in the passage in the York Plays: i. Pas. "We colle!" iii. Past. "What care is comen to be?" See the context, York Plays 119-39. We beg to submit to the editress of that volume—we use the word on the authority of Mr. Bradley's first Part—the following references, which will suffice to establish our point:

"Townley Myst. p. 110:

Come Colle and his maroo,
Thay wille nyp us fulle naroo,"

referring to one of the *pastores*. and *ib.*:

"A Colle, goode morne.

Cov. Myst. p. 130: Miles the Myllere and Colle Crakecrust; and *Colle seruus* occurs as one of the *dramatis personae* in the Play of the Sacrament. We look, then, upon *Colle* as one of the ghost-words that Dr. Murray was quite justified in not taking up.

And so we might go on; but the preceding notes will have served our purpose,

if they have given our readers an idea of what scanty ears remain to be gleaned after the careful mower has gone over the field. Truly, if the age of Latin titles were not well-nigh gone, we might claim for this work within its judiciously drawn limits the title of "*Thesaurus totius Anglicitatis*."

But the great merit does not lie in its completeness, nor in the fact that here for the first time we have a mass of reliable material to work upon for the history of the English language. The great interest centres in the treatment of the sense development. Up to the present, nothing, or next to nothing, has been done towards a systematic study of English semasiology. And yet the research would be extremely interesting for the student, and of very great use to others. It is not too much to say that "etymological" dictionaries have hitherto looked upon their etymology from a one-sided point of view. A hint here and there as to a change of meaning is all we find. The greater part of these changes is taken for granted; and as no systematic treatise has ever appeared, the bewildered student who is told that two words totally opposed in sense are "etymologically" the same is left groping in the dark for analogies.

Dr. Murray has a fine sense for "discovering" the most delicate shades of meaning, and the mass of facts bearing upon these problems that one finds here discussed is enormous. We should not dwell upon this theme so long were it not that we have hardly ever found this characteristic of the Oxford Dictionary brought out before. If asked for instances, almost every second article might be pointed out; but such words as *coarse*, *cloud*, *come*—the latter especially, which takes up twenty-three columns—may be mentioned as some of the more conspicuous in this respect. The analogies given under this and other words, such as *coax*, present as near an approach to a systematic treatise on these matters as can be expected in a work like the present. For, however frequent the hints, we should of course not look for a fully developed system of semasiology in these pages. Without regard to the facts given, our own impression is that Dr. Murray in some instances goes too far, and thinks too many subdivisions justified to be able to keep it up throughout the rest of the work. In the case, e.g., of such a word as *common sense*, we find the fact that some quotations present the word in a more emphatic sense taken as basis for a subdivision (sub 2). We are of course thankful—let it be stated most emphatically—for every grain of information on a subject so interesting. It is not that we have hitherto been spoilt by overfeeding. But if a more emphatic use necessitates a splitting up of the significations for this word, are we not justified in looking for similar divisions everywhere? Again, Dr. Murray makes a special heading for the metonymic use of *coach* = the passengers, as in "The coach dines here"—i.e., the container for the thing contained. Once more we ask, Can this be kept up? Will it be possible to give henceforth all metonymic and metaphorical usages of words under a separate heading? We know that here, too,

the difficulty consists in the answer to "where to draw the line?" It is not that our senses are too obtuse to see the distinctions. We can only repeat that we for ourselves should not like to miss any fact given in the Dictionary, and it is only by placing ourselves at the standpoint of one overlooking the whole that we fancy we discover difficulties.

But we find we are trespassing on what we have ourselves made forbidden ground. We are not reviewing a treatise on semasiology, but a Lexicon, where often for the first time a solution is attempted of problems which baffle the student at every turn, and where the sense development plays, after all, but a secondary part. It should be said again: No praises seem too high for this feature of the work.

We wish to conclude by saying something about a class of words of which some have been given in the Dictionary—words which were used for the first time by Caxton. We have lately had occasion to inquire more especially into Caxton's way of appropriating foreign words out of the languages from which he translated. We did so apropos of his *Reynard the Foxe*, which is confessedly a translation of a Dutch text—the one, we may add, that was published in 1479 by Gheraert Leeu at Gouda. It is well known that Caxton adapted "all sorts and conditions" of French words. He found no difficulty in using the verb *to communique*. Dr. Murray records three instances of the verb, and all three from Caxton. Nor would it be easy, we venture to surmise, to find it in any other writer. Caxton simply took it straight from French. Of course, Dr. Murray knows this as well as anybody else. Why, then, does he include it? Let us consider some other forms before answering this question. We find here *clope* in the sense of a "blow," and *cluse* = a (monastic) cell provided with a single quotation—each from Caxton's *Reynard*. Have these words ever formed part of the English language? Have they ever been used by anybody else? We fancy we may safely answer No. The fact is, they are taken directly from Dutch. The original has *clap* and *cluse*.* By including these without a note of warning (the || before *clope* denotes either foreign or earlier English words, and † before *cluse* means merely obsolete), Dr. Murray has left the reader in the dark as to the real position of the words. This proceeding would perhaps seem to be justified where other quotations are found, as in the case of *balked*, which (vol. i., p. 637, b.) is explained as "stopped short," "pulled up." A reference to the Dutch original (a copy is in the Grenville collection) would, however, have revealed another state of affairs. It has "Isegrym ballech" (p. 41, l. 22) = "he became angry." It is true, as Dr. Murray himself suggested to us, that Caxton may have supposed *ballech* to mean "stopped short." The suggestion is highly ingenious, nor is it in itself unlikely. Caxton every now and then committed the most

* See p. 142, l. 11, and p. 11, l. 25; we refer here to an edition of the Dutch text, which we hope to bring out early next year, and in the Introduction to which we shall treat more fully of these matters.

* Glossary to the York Plays.

egregious blunders. But, remembering the large number of cases where he simply appropriated a Dutch form—thus he speaks of *ungheluck* (Arber, p. 83) = “misfortune”—we cannot help looking upon *balked*, and especially *cluse* and *close*, as Dutchisms of the worst quality. Why, then, did Dr. Murray include them, and was he justified in doing so? Merely—and this points to an interesting circumstance at which we have already hinted—because they are found. For a modern period a dictionary-maker would have to be much nicer. For the older periods, a “Thesaurus” like the present is an index, for the modern periods a guide. It records the usage of former periods, but it does more for modern times. Here it does not chronicle uses, good and bad, but it sets up a standard for imitation.

We could wish that we had more space at our disposal. We have only given the reader a taste of the food. If, by what we have set before him, his appetite has been whetted, let him fall to. We are sure he will find the fare palatable enough.

H. LOGEMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PĀLI LEXICOGRAPHY.

Niddhāpeti.

Dedham School, Essex.

This verb, not in Childer's Dictionary, seems peculiar to the Jātaka-book, where the following passage occurs: “Tato galavinitena purisā niddhāpayiṁsu mām” (Jāt. iv., p. 41), (Then the men having taken me by the throat put me out). In prose this would be expressed by “Atha mām givāya gāhāpetvā nīharāpayiṁsu” (see Jāt. iv., p. 41, ll. 6, 21, and compare Jāt. iv., pp. 205, 382).

In Jāt. iv., p. 48, “Niddhāmase tam sakkāgarā,” the true reading appears to be *niddhā-* (the reading of the Burmese MSS.) = “panāmetum vattati” of the prose text (Jāt. iv., p. 48, l. 12), and equivalent to *nikkaddhi* (Jāt. iv., p. 48, l. 27).

In Jāt. iii. 99, “Katham nu sakkāmigam dakkhisāma nibbāpitam” rājakulato va jammām we find *nibbāpita* for *niddhāpita*, explained in the Commentary by *nicchuddha*, *nikkhamita*, and in the prose text by *nikkaddhāpita*. Prof. Kern suggests that *nibbāsita* is the true reading; Dr. Fausböll, however, defends his lection, and would refer *niddhāpaya* to the Skt. *nīrdhāmāpaya* from *dhāma* “to blow.” But this root with *nis* gives us in Pāli the causal *nīddhamayati* or *nīddhameti* “to expel,” so that *niddhāpeti* probably comes from some other source.

The reading *nibbāpita* “extinguished,” is due perhaps to some confusion of *nibbāpita* with *nibbāhāpti* (see Mil., pp. 134, 139; Suttavibhāga I., pp. 17, 43). Compare Prakrit *nīrvāhida* = *nīrvāhita*, explained by the Com. K as *nibbāsita* (Cakuntalā, ed. Williams, p. 256).

In proposing a different explanation of *niddhāpeti*, we must bear in mind the common interchange of *p* and *v*. Compare Pāli *dhopana* with Skt. *dhovana*, &c. This enables us to refer *niddhāpeti* to a form “*nīddhāvēti* = *nīddhāvāyati* (a causal from the root *dhāv* to run) “to cause to go out,” “to expel.” Compare Mahāvastu, pp. 359, 364; Saddhamma-P. iv. 6a. In Saddhamma-pundarika iii. 89 (see Kern's translation, S. B. E., p. 88), we find *nīrdhāvānārthāya* “for evading,” “for escaping from,”

* The various lections are *niddhāpitam* (Sinhalese) *nidhāpitem* (Burmese).

“for getting rid of,” for which there is the various reading *nīrvāpanārthāya*,* which exhibits the same sort of confusion of *nīrdhāvana* with *nīrvāpana* as the Jātaka text does with regard to *nīddhāpeti* and *nibbāpita*.†

With regard to the two forms, Prof. Fausböll says: “Enten vi vælge *nibbāpitem* eller *nīddhāpitam* kommer omrent ud paa et. De kunne naturligvis ligesom ethvert andet egentlig Udttryk bruges i metaforisk Betydning.”

R. MORRIS.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Nov. 30.)

MR. J. E. FOSTER gave some notes on “Two Books printed by Siberc, now in the Library of All Souls' College, Oxford.” The number of copies of the books printed at Cambridge by Siberc is so small that it is advisable that a note of the present custody of all those known should be made. I therefore call attention to copies of two which are in the library of All Souls' College, Oxford, one of which has been noticed, but in an imperfect manner, while the other seems to have escaped attention altogether. The former is a copy of the “Galen” printed on vellum, to which a special interest attaches. There is, as is well known, in the Bodleian another copy of the book printed on vellum. The leaves in the last quire of this copy have been wrongly imposed, and consequently the text is not continuous, and the proper last page is followed by two pages which should precede it. This is not the case with the copy in All Souls' library, the imposition of which is correct. In other respects it does not differ from the paper copies, and the first letter on the title page is misprinted “C” as in them. This copy is noted in Mr. Bradshaw's Bibliographical Notes on the Siberc books attached to the reprint of the “Bullocus,” but without any note of its being on vellum. The second book in All Souls' library is a copy of the “Balduinis.” There appears to be nothing specially to note about this. This copy is not mentioned in Mr. Bradshaw's Bibliographical Notes.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, Dec. II.)

THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. James P. Smart, Junr., on “Unto this Last.” The lecturer said that political economy was a subject which had always deeply interested Mr. Ruskin, so much so that he continually introduced it into his writings on art. To Mr. Ruskin political economy meant personal conduct; and as he considered the teaching of the orthodox professors of the science encouraged selfishness, he regarded their system of mercantile economy with the greatest contempt. Mr. Smart, however, considered Ruskin's teaching as supplementary to Mill's, and not as opposed to it. Ruskin endeavours to do what he accuses the “dismal science” people of not doing—he takes into account the influences of social affection, of morality, and of religion; he takes the science of political economy, touches it with emotion, and produces a science of life based on the highest morality. It was what Mr. Ruskin saw of the result of unjust conduct that caused him to turn his attention to political economy, rather than any particular love of the subject; and that was why his treatment of it was emotional rather than scientific. Unto this Last was a protest against injustice and selfishness, and the inculcation of generous justice was its principal theme. A few of Mr. Ruskin's definitions were then compared with Mill's. Mr. Ruskin, taking a wider view of the subject, conveys to us “flashes of inspiration” in “burning words”; while Mill, always cool and calm in his reasoning, is the safer guide through the intricacies of the science. The weak parts of Unto this Last are among those in which Mr. Ruskin

* In Pāli we should expect *nīddhāvanātthāya* and *nibbāpanātthāya*.

† There is a Prākrit *nīddhāvāya* “driven out,” in Jacobi's *Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Māhārāshtri*, p. 3, l. 4.

attacks Mill and the other economists. These criticisms are shallow and captious, and a disfigurement to the book. The lecturer concluded by saying—“it is to the study and practice of the principles of political economy that we must look for that social improvement which is so much desired and sought after at the present time. To study these principles scientifically, we must go to such writers as Mill and Fawcett; but to study them practically, to study them as they affect our conduct and our lives, we must go to Mr. Ruskin.”

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—(Monday, Dec. 14.)

DR. ROBERT MONRO, one of the secretaries, read a curious paper upon “The Trepanning of the Human Skull in Prehistoric Times,” *apropos* of a skull, bearing marks of the operation, which had been presented to the society by the Marquis of Bute, its president. Dr. Monro brought under the notice of the society the various most recent theories upon the subject, and elaborately discussed the question whether the purpose of the operation in prehistoric times was medical or hieratic. Mr. Gray, curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, followed with a communication upon “Scottish Heraldic and Other Painted Glass, existing in or connected with Scotland;” supplementing and—in a few points—correcting a list of such objects submitted by Mr. Seton to the society in 1887. Mr. Gray's remarks were mainly based upon the original examples and full-sized coloured drawings collected in the Heraldic Exhibition, of which he was chief acting secretary, held last year in Edinburgh; and he specially concentrated his remarks upon a hitherto undescribed rondel, preserved for at least a century at Woodhouselee, which he exhibited. This glass is dated 1600, and displays the impaled arms of James VI. and his Queen. The meeting concluded with a communication from Mr. J. T. Beer, upon “A Submarine Deposit of Samian Ware off the Coast of Kent.”

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

“GREAT ARTISTS” SERIES.—David Cox and Peter De Wint. By Gilbert R. Redgrave. (Sampson Low.) The appearance of a volume devoted to David Cox and De Wint in the “Great Artists” series is one more sign that the real worth of our old water-colour school is beginning to be more generally appreciated. It is true that they were also painters in oil-colours, and that David Cox's reputation in both mediums is now equally high, but this fact would scarcely have secured either a place among Messrs. Sampson Low's “Great Artists,” if the English school of water-colour painting had not of late years risen in popular esteem and admiration. Mr. Gilbert Redgrave has taken great pains to make his little book interesting and accurate, and has supplemented his well compiled Lives by a useful list of the works of both men which appeared at the exhibition of the Water-colour Society. For Cox, Mr. Redgrave had ample biographical material in the volumes of Solly and Hall; and in the case of De Wint, the information contained in the memoir by Mr. Armstrong has been reinforced by a MS. left by De Wint's widow. It is difficult to say whether he has been more successful in his abridgment of the abundant information about Cox, or in eking out the sparse record of De Wint. He has done both well. At the same time, it must not be supposed that he has added nothing of his own. The book contains much in the way of clear description and sound criticism for which he is responsible, and he has shown good judgment in the selection of the illustrations. We wish we could add a word in praise of the way that these have been exe-

cuted; but they are poor, pallid, blurred things, which ill-support the deservedly high reputation of the artists.

Toilers in Art. Edited by Henry C. Ewart. With ninety Illustrations. (Isbister.) "Toilers in Art" seems scarcely a happy title for men who have achieved such delightful mastery as Flaxman and Bewick, as Israels and Lalanne, as Frederick Walker and Frederic Shields, not to mention other names in this distinguished company. It appears to have been chosen in order to give the editor the opportunity of printing, in the shape of an Introduction, a dull little sermon on a well-worn text. We know nothing of Mr. Ewart; but we do not understand what he has done to justify the appearance of his name on the title-page of a book written by other men, all of whom appear to be quite as capable of "editing" their work. What, for instance, is the use of an editor who allows "consumption" to pass as a correct translation of *consummatio*? But the book itself contains a great deal of interesting matter about many interesting men; and though the principle of selection is not apparent, the choice might have been more commonplace. We have, for instance, Oscar Pletsch and C. H. Bennett, artists who should not be forgotten now that the generation which they delighted is growing old, and fresh designers have taken their place in public favour. Some French artists are included, like Jean Paul Laurens and Francois Louis Français, who are not as well known in England as they should be. And finally, the book contains an interesting autobiographical sketch of Frederic Shields, the most freshly and sincerely inspired of all English artists who have dared the greater themes of spiritual art.

Decorative Electricity. By Mrs. J. E. H. Gordon. With a Chapter on "Fire Risks," by J. E. H. Gordon. (Sampson Low.) This eminently practical little book is also very entertaining. Mr. Gordon's interest in the subject is communicated in a lively manner to her readers. So that though she deals with facts, and facts mainly of science, she is always bright and clear. There is certainly a fascination about electric lighting which exceeds that of ordinary methods of illumination. It has a touch of magic—of the infinite, we may say, about it, which belongs neither to gas nor petroleum. Its effect upon art is also greater, for it leaves so much more freedom to the designer. His fancy has the freest play as to position and direction, as this light may hang or spire out unsupported from anywhere, and it throws neither "right side up" nor "topsy turvy." So electricity stimulates the decorative invention, and "decorative electricity" is a subject which will not be exhausted for many a day. The present book, however, is less aesthetic than useful, being full of knowledge and experience as to the lighting of houses by electricity, which cannot fail to be of value to the many who are now placing themselves in the hands of electrical engineers. They will still be, to a very great extent, at the mercy of these engineers, whatever hints they may get from Mrs. Gordon; but she will open their eyes a good deal and amuse them into the bargain.

Reynolds and Children's Portraiture in England. By W. J. Loftie. (Blackie.) This is another of the Vere Foster series, and a worthy companion of similar works on landscape and animal painting. The illustrations are from very popular works, the "Angel Heads" and "Child Samuel" (for instance), by Reynolds; the "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough; and "Cherry Ripe," by Millais. Each coloured print is accompanied by a well-drawn outline. As to the colouring we cannot speak in unreserved praise, it is generally heavy and hot. The

book, however, on the whole, deserves the popularity which it is sure to achieve. Besides the painters before mentioned, there are good examples of Romney and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Engravings and Their Value. By J. H. Slater. (Upcott Gill.) This book is entitled "A Guide for the Print Collector," but it may be safely said that no collector worthy of the name will ever be guided by it. It is a mere compilation, done without care and without knowledge. The author, in his advice to purchasers, recommends them to look out for "burr," as if it were to be found in every description of engraving. He informs them that the process of "line engraving" has become very common of recent years, whereas everybody else knows that it has been almost beaten out of the field by etching and photogravure; and he speaks of aquatint as a method especially adapted to those subjects requiring tints of extreme delicacy or excessive depth. When we come to the accounts of the engravers, we find the information equally misleading. One instance will be sufficient—that of Hogarth. Mr. Slater gives no account whatever of the prints as published separately by Hogarth; he begins with the collections published by Cook and others off the well-worn plates, long after Hogarth's death. So completely ignorant of the subject is he that he adds, after a description of these "collections"—which no collector would look at—"Separate prints are also frequently met with, but most of these are from worn plates, and many not from the original plates at all." Besides this, he gives the collector no other guidance than the prices which a few of Hogarth's prints have fetched. He includes Sir Edwin Landseer, but not his brother Thomas, who, of course, as an engraver was much more important; and he does not mention J. M. W. Turner. Altogether, this is a book to be carefully avoided by collectors and others.

A Short History of the British School of Painting. By George H. Shepherd. (Sampson Low.) This is a second edition, with a charming frontispiece in the shape of a reduction of Mr. Hole's wonderful etching of Old Crome's "Mill on the Yare." Perhaps this is its chief claim to notice. The fact that a second edition has been called for is a sign that the book fills a want. It is, as the title professes, a "short" history, and therein, perhaps, lies one secret of its success. It is clear, handy, and full of information about artists, not only dead but living. It has no great pretensions, but we know of no other book which quite fills its place as a work of reference. In what other book, for instance, can you find in the index the names of Stanhope Forbes, and J. M. Swan, as well as those of Hogarth and Reynolds.

THE FETTES DOUGLAS SALE.

FROM his youth up, the late president of the Royal Scottish Academy was an enthusiastic and discerning collector of books and art objects; and more than once he was obliged to part with the gatherings of years, on the occasion of changes of residence or departure for prolonged visits to the continent. His fine cabinet of mediaeval medals, it will be remembered, was sold at Christie's several years ago. It was supposed probable, by several of his friends, that, on his death, certain objects in his collection, more interesting for their local or nationally historical significance than valuable in a monetary sense, would have passed directly into the keeping of one or other of the public and national institutions with which Sir William Fettes Douglas was officially connected,

and to whose interests he devoted himself with unwearied assiduity. Such anticipations were, however, not realised; and his collection, practically in its entirety, was sold at Dowell's, Edinburgh, during the week ending last Saturday.

The sale was an interesting one; though hardly so from the point of view of the merely fashionable and monied bibliomaniac, or of the dealers whose pleasure—and profit—it is to purvey for the same. Sir William was an artist who loved beautiful things and collected them; he was something of a scholar also, who loved books, and enjoyed to have them about him; and—let it be whispered—he loved the insides of these latter as least as dearly as their exteriors or the seemliness of their pages. He was a book collector who *read* as well as *looked at* his treasures.

Then, again, the kind of beauty that attracted him, even in the exteriors of the volumes that he gathered, was hardly the exact sort of beauty that appeals most convincingly to, say, the prosperous and not uncultured Glasgow merchant. Sir William was a painter; and he was never happier, never more successful, than when the subject of his brush was, or included, an old volume, with its worn binding, rusted clasps, and time-worn page, where the touch of gold or the tint of crimson gleamed out from richly sober, time-toned vellum. One of the choicest of his bindings, one that he used to show and handle with especial gusto, was the little Gothic Book of Hours, printed at Strasburg in 1498. This binding, the original covering of the book, was of decoratively stamped and lettered vellum, stained carmine; but then its clasp was gone, its back ribs were worn—nay, showed signs of cracking, and, in its lateral design, the original hue of the vellum had begun to gleam white through the rosiness with which the skin had been covered four hundred years ago. It was a thing to fascinate any born colourist: one piece of gold and some five of silver marked its value, as estimated in our modern currency. Two of the richest of the armorial bindings—*Clavis Christophori Algebrae* (Rome, 1608), red morocco, stated to be Italian, but possibly French, and Bishop Lesley's *De Origine Moribus . . . Scotorum* (Rome, 1578), a green morocco, stamped with an admirable though rather simple design, including the arms of Pope Gregory XIII., were wisely acquired for £1 12s. and £6 10s. respectively, by the Museum of Science and Art, an institution which also purchased at reasonable prices some of the finest of the ivories, such as the fourteenth century, North Italian, group of three saints, a piece quaintly and tellingly decisive in the leading lines of its draperies, and both curious and beautiful in its applied colouring (25 guineas). To this museum also fell, for but eight guineas, a powerful bronze "Grotesque Ram's Head, with Horns and Wings," of Italian Renaissance work. A curious and rare circular metal boss, probably of late sixteenth century, bearing quartered arms, manifestly Scotch, but as yet unidentified, realised £3 10s. The Jacobite and the Commonwealth pamphlets—things with whose current cost the predilections of a certain well-known and cultured Scottish peer have an intimate connexion—fetched famine prices. Among the manuscripts, a commission to Aloisius Molinus, dated in 1502, from the Ducal Palace, by that Doge Loredano whom Bellini portrayed in the National Gallery picture, showing an example in its title-page of singularly restrained and artistic late Venetian illumination, realised £4 15s. The pictures were, without exception, small cabinet works of excellent quality; and here a McTaggart, the finished small picture for his diploma work, "Dora," from Tennyson's poem, in the Scottish National Gallery, fetched sixty guineas.

EGYPTOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

M. NAVILLE left Marseilles on December 12 for Alexandria, in order to resume work for the Egypt Exploration Fund. M. Naville will this season return to the scene of his former labours in the Egyptian Delta—that fruitful region which has already rewarded him with the discovery of Pithom, Goshen, and Bubastis, and which has given up the ruins of Daphnae and Naukratis, in response to the excavations of Mr. Petrie.

MR. PERCY E. NEWBERRY and Mr. G. Willoughby Fraser, accompanied by Mr. Blackden (artist) and Mr. Carter (assistant copyist), having now completed the survey and transcription of the celebrated tombs of Beni Hasan, have shifted their camp to the ravine of El Bersheh, a little higher up on the same bank of the Nile. They report the discovery of no less than five inscribed and painted tombs hitherto unknown to Egyptologists in this district. All are much dilapidated, the walls having mostly fallen in; but they hope to recover many important historical particulars of genealogy and local history from the inscribed fragments with which these new grottoes are strewn. They are much choked with bushes and *debris*, and need careful excavation. The damage done to the famous tomb of the Colossus on the Sledge appears to be even greater than the reports of tourists had led us to expect.

MR. W. M. F. PETRIE has established his headquarters this season at Tel el-Amarna, and is busily engaged, with a gang of native labourers, in clearing the ruins of the palace of Khu-en-Aten, the mysterious so-called "heretic king," who succeeded, as some suppose, or, as others believe, was identical with, Amenhotep IV. In view of Padre de Cara's new theory, that Khu-en-Aten was a woman-Pharaoh, it is much to be hoped that Mr. Petrie will come upon some conclusive historical data of this reign.

THE fifth ordinary general meeting of the members of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held in the hall of the Zoological Society, Hanover-square, on January 15 at 4 p.m. Sir John Fowler, president, will be in the chair.

WE may also mention that a cyclorama of "Ancient Egypt" was opened this week at Niagara Hall, Westminster. It consists of an immense representation of the city of Memphis, at the moment of the departure of the Israelites, painted by Herr Edmund Berninger, who is understood to have received advice in archaeological details from Prof. Ebers. The entrance to the building has been fitted up in imitation of a modern street in Cairo.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that the collection of fistic ivories formed by Prof. J. O. Westwood—which is probably the most extensive and complete that has ever been got together, and which has been of material aid to the professor in his researches and publications on that branch of the fistic art—may, probably, be secured by Mr. C. Drury E. Fortnum, D.C.L., and presented by him to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. We hear, however, that this important acquisition and its liberal gift to Oxford must depend on the favourable result of the arrangements in contemplation for the building and endowment of the projected new museum in connexion with the University Galleries for the housing of the Ashmolean treasures. This collection of fistic ivories would, in illustration of the rise and progress of the plastic art, fill the wide gap between the works of classical times and

those of the Renaissance, which latter are well represented by original examples in the Fortnum collection.

WE are glad to learn that the proposal to put up Mr. Onslow Ford's statue of Lord Strathnairn in Eaton-square has been abandoned, and that a most suitable site has been found and fixed upon at the junction of the Brompton-road with Knightsbridge.

THE choice series of water-colour drawings, representative of the English school, which have been presented to the nation by the daughters of the late Sir Prescott Hewett, are now on view at the South Kensington Museum. They number fifty-one in all, including works by several living members both of the Old Society and the Institute, and one by Sir Prescott himself.

SO long ago as 1883, the Government of India passed resolutions for the conservation of ancient monuments, and directed that lists should be drawn up for each province. Such a list was compiled for Madras by Dr. Burgess and Mr. Sewell in 1885, which comprised more than 500 monuments, and 300 more have been added in a subsequent list. Last year the Government issued a fresh resolution, imposing a more stringent duty of conserving ancient monuments upon the several departments of public works. Accordingly, a new list has been drawn up for Madras by Mr. Alexander Rea, superintendent of the archaeological survey of Southern India, who is, we believe, an architect by profession. The number of monuments is reduced to 108, selected as typical of the architectural periods to which they belong, and each of them has been personally inspected by Mr. Rea. The following is the classification adopted: Buddhist remains (250 B.C. to 500 A.D.), only in the north; Pallava caves and structures (500 to 700 A.D.); Chola and Pandyan temples (from the eleventh century), chiefly in the south; Chalukyan temples (twelfth to fourteenth century), confined to Bellary; Jaina temples (from the fourteenth century); later Dravidian temples, including those at Vijayanagar; examples of civil and military architecture; Christian remains, principally Dutch tombs. Suggestions are made for the better maintenance of each monument; and, finally, attention is called to the importance of keeping untouched the numerous prehistoric stone enclosures and ancient mounds which are to be found everywhere throughout the country.

THE STAGE.

THE "Godpapa" of Messrs. F. C. Philips and Charles Brookfield pursues its merry course at the Comedy. It is very likely not quite so laughable, nor quite so risky, as its predecessor, "Jane"; but it is well enough planned, well enough acted, and certainly succeeds in pleasing. It is possibly rather unfortunate that its best act is its first—we, at all events, experienced some sense of declension: we found ourselves laughing less heartily and less continuously. But we cannot honestly say that we found the audience generally to be of our mind on this matter. The audience generally, having once got upon the track of amusement, was content—albeit with diminished material—to be amused to the end. The act which we deem most amusing is that in which the greatest business is done at the matrimonial agency; and though the complications in the later acts arise out of this business in some measure, yet they are not directly connected with it. Acted as it is, however, and written and arranged quite smartly on the whole, "Godpapa" will, we are sure, outlast the most long-drawn of Christmas holidays. Mr. C. H. Hawtrey is admirably

imperturbable and commendably stolid as Reginald, who is in some sort a hero. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey is good as Mr. Craven; and several gentlemen, not yet perhaps very famous, attest their capacity to be amusing. Mr. Wyes, who elects in the piece to call himself "Pygmalion," is one of these. His gaze is enough to make the fortune of a low comedian. Miss Annie Irish is too well acquainted with her craft, and is moreover much too charming and acceptable a personality, to fail as the young matrimonial agent; but we have seen her in parts that have been more conducive to the display of her talents. Miss Vane Featherstone is authoritative, and Miss Violet Armbruster very handsome and agreeable, in the not too remunerative characters it is their obligation to assume. One or two good-looking young persons, with whose names we are unacquainted, are seen in the first act; but perhaps the central character of the play—the one at all events which is made most constantly effective—is that which is assumed by Miss Lottie Venne, who is in the present, just as in former pieces, as piquante and as pleasantly acidulated as it is possible to be. One may smile considerably at the ingenious entertainment which authors and comedians afford.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

My Thoughts on Music and Musicians. By H. Heathcote Statham. (Chapman & Hall.) The author, in his preface, hopes that some of the "critical judgments" suggested in his pages, may be of interest to musicians. It is always interesting to read opinions formed "not lightly or hastily": and the fact that certain of them "run counter to the received opinions of the day" only adds to the interest.

In the chapter on Mozart, Mr. Statham lets us clearly see the standard by which he judges composers, great and small. Regular rhythm and rounded form are essentials. Mozart possessed both, and hence was "the most perfect of musical composers." At the present moment, when the whole musical world is paying homage to the memory of the composer of "Don Giovanni," the "Jupiter" Symphony, and the Requiem, Mr. Statham, in his words of praise and admiration, is not running counter to the opinions of the day, and the most enthusiastic admirer of modern music can endorse many of his statements. But the genius of Mozart is now recognized because he triumphed over regular rhythm; and Mr. Statham merely makes use of the composer's fame to glorify form and symmetry for their own sakes, and to belittle other great composers. He makes Mozart the text for a tirade against Wagner—"Mozart's butler and page and waiting-maid will outlast Wagner's gods and goddesses, and even the singing dragon." But of this kind of warfare one has heard enough. Mr. Statham, indeed, devotes a whole chapter to Wagner, and pours out the vials of his wrath in no measured terms. The readers of that chapter should carefully note the introductory remarks. The author based his criticisms of the "Ring des Nibelungen" and "Tristan" on a study of the scores; and

"subsequent acquaintance with the works by the hearing of the ear has not given me reason to alter any of the opinions I had formed from the perusal of the scores, except that some passages did not, in performance, equal the effect which the score had led me to anticipate."

To express opinions respecting Wagner's music dramas from a paper study, and then, afterwards, to lend only an ear to them, shows presumption and prejudice; and this mode of

approaching the Bayreuth master will fully explain, if not excuse, the sneering opinion expressed.

It may be said that Wagner is still an open question, and that Mr. Statham is not the only intelligent and thoughtful writer who disbelieves in the new art-theories. Let us see how he speaks of the heaven-born genius Schubert. Most musicians share Sir G. Grove's enthusiasm for this composer, but not Mr. Statham.

"Schubert's attitude towards the art [of music] was throughout his life that of a very gifted amateur. . . . The belief in Schubert's greatness as an instrumental composer is, however, a forced one; and the more the public learn about musical composition and musical form, the more certainly they will eventually find this out."

And, again, Schubert's Symphonies are described as "uninteresting, unpolished, and full of vain repetitions." Of course one must be quite fair to Mr. Statham. He probably feels the beauty and the grandeur of Schubert's music as intensely as Sir G. Grove; but when he comes to write about it, on go the spectacles, and Schubert is found wanting. It is possible for the critic to pick holes in the master's music, to point out "vain repetitions," to discover mannerisms; and at certain times this is quite lawful. But in an essay for general readers, to magnify the weak points and almost entirely to hide the qualities which make the music so powerful, is wrong and misleading. Schubert so takes hold of anyone with natural feeling for what is grand and beautiful, that the flaws, the repetitions, the lengths no more interfere with the magic spell of the music than does the rounded form of the eighteenth century with the wonderful creations of Mozart. Moreover, there are works of Schubert in which no fault can be found—works in presence of which the cleverest critic stands mute, and feels almost ashamed of his profession.

To see Mr. Statham, however, in his boldest mood, the chapter on "Beethoven" must be read. The famous horn passage in the first movement of the "Eroica" is an offence against the "logic of harmonic progression"; the dropping of the characteristic rhythm in the Allegretto of the Seventh Symphony is the one blemish "on the symmetry of this movement"; the introductory bars of the Choral Symphony are "a mere eccentricity of the composer." And many more statements of a similar kind might be given. Anything, in fact, which disturbs regularity of rhythm or form disturbs Mr. Statham.

It is pleasant to turn to the pages on Chopin, whose "nearly perfect works [are] elaborated and polished down to the minutest details." Mr. Statham writes in a thoroughly sympathetic mood about the Polish composer. It is interesting to note that "the classic forms of composition somewhat fettered him"—just, in fact, as they have fettered our author in his judgments on Beethoven, Wagner, and Schubert.

The last chapter is devoted to Sterndale Bennett; and, without agreeing with every statement, many musicians will probably commend Mr. Statham for setting in the strongest light one of England's most meritorious composers. But he opens his chapter with a discordant note. "A man of rare and individual genius" may, or may not, be the right phrase to describe Sterndale Bennett; but it sounds fulsome from one who speaks of Schubert as a "gifted amateur."

Other chapters, dealing with Handel, Bach, &c., deserve notice, but our space has already been exceeded. Mr. Statham's views on musical art may be of the past rather than the present; but he has the courage of his opinions, expresses himself clearly, is logical, and shows, as he himself declares in his preface, that he has

given much thought to his subject. The essays are for the most part reprints from the *Edinburgh* and *Fortnightly*, but with revision and additions.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

BRAHMS's new songs were repeated at the last Saturday Popular Concert of the year; they were again admirably sung by the same vocalists, and were received with enthusiasm. The Gipsy Songs, especially, are likely to become great favourites. Mme. Haas played Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90). Her reading was correct, but she only touched, as it were, the surface of the music. A clever and graceful Larghetto and Allegretto for 'cello with pianoforte accompaniment, by Dr. Mackenzie, was performed by Mr. Whitehouse with good taste and tone. Time flies, but not the Popular Concert programme book. A notice of the composer mentioned "The Bride," the Cantata produced in 1881, as his most recent work. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor.

THE twenty-first series of Mr. Dannreuther's Musical Evenings at Orme-square will commence on January 8, 1892, and the dates of the remaining evenings will be January 19, February 2 and 16. The following instrumentalists are announced: first violin, Messrs. A. Gibson, and S. D. Grimson; viola, Mr. E. Kreuz; 'cello, Mr. C. Ould; with Mr. Dannreuther, as usual, at the pianoforte. Miss Anna Williams will be the vocalist. At the first concert will be performed J. S. Bach's Variations on an Aria in G major, known as the Goldberg Variations. It was the first important work of its kind, and is still a wonder. They were written for a harpsichord with two rows of keys; and to give due effect to them on one keyboard must be a matter of extreme difficulty.

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. E. F. Jacques has been appointed editor of the *Musical Times*, in place of the late W. A. Barrett. During his short management of the *Musical World*, Mr. Jacques displayed both energy and ability, and would therefore seem to be the right man in the right place.

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